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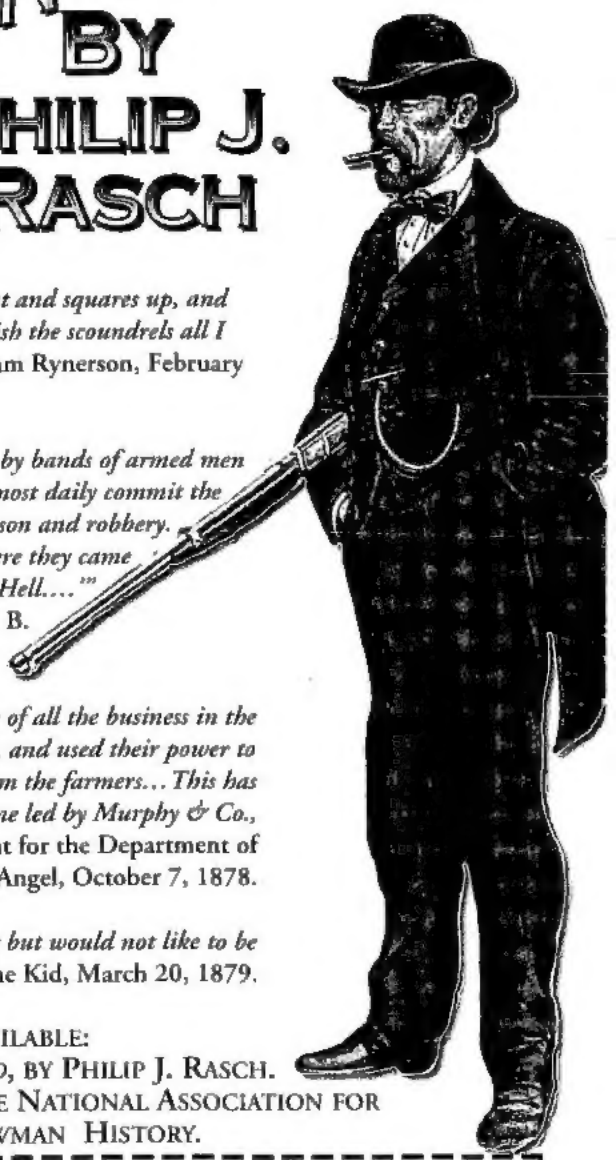

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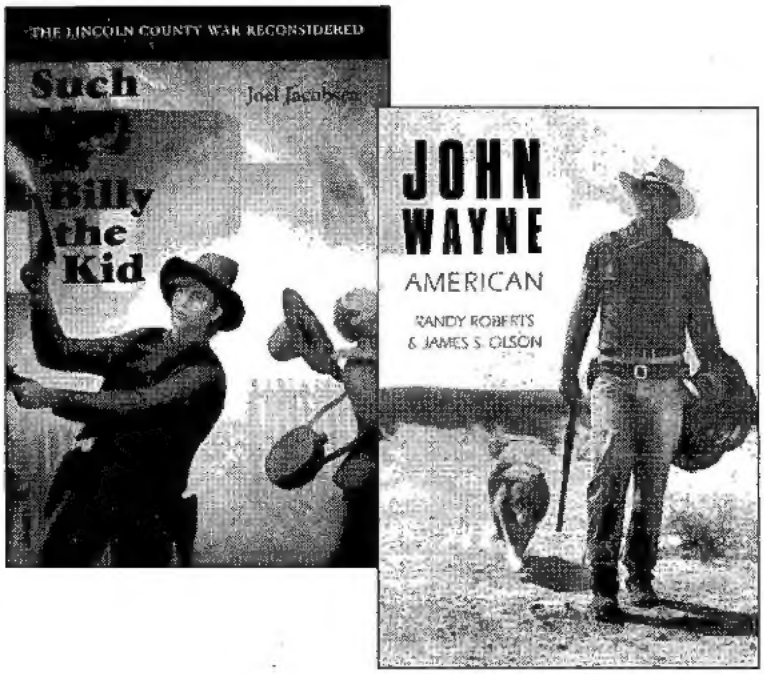

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From the Editor

Howdy, ya'll!

This issue marks a year since Chuck and I took the reigns here at Western Publications, so I reckon it's time we laid our cards on the table and gave you folks a chance to divvy-up.

Now, we've received mail and even some phone calls (a few to my house while I was trying to eat supper) regarding the crossword puzzle and Westsketch. Most of the feedback has been positive, some not. It never donned on me to explain the reasons for my decision to add the puzzle and cartoon, but after speaking with a few of you personally, I reckon it's near time to do just that.

Let's take the crossword first. That particular area of the magazine has traditionally been set aside for advertising, so I naturally thought that no one would mind if I added an extra feature there. I admit that crosswords may not be everyone's game, but you've got to admit that ours is unique. I've never seen a puzzle that deals strictly with the West, and especially one that practically forces you to go in search of the answer. If it takes a simple puzzle to get a reader, or kid, to go to the bookshelf and look something up, then they might learn something new. If so, I've done my job.

Now the cartoon is a different critter entirely. I figured a cartoon was the easiest way to tell a story quickly, and might encourage folks to learn just a bit more about the subject. I also had one foot in the tradition bucket here at Western when I devised the idea.

You see, when Joe "Hosstail" Small started this operation, he inadvertently jump-started a lot of careers along the way. Until *True West* came around, there really wasn't a large market for western artists and cartoonists to showcase their work. Hosstail took one and all for the ride. The *True West* of the fifties featured cartoons, lavish cover paintings, and illustrations from the likes of Randy Steffen, Al Martin Napoletano, Joe Grandee, and Jack Davis.

Those artists inspired the likes of Gary Zaboly, Bob Boze Bell, Graham Ward, Kim Mackey, and Richard Ignarski to do the fine work you see in western magazines today. And that's where Westsketch comes in.

When Adam Wallenta approached me with an interest in working for *True West*, I recognized a young man with the willingness to tackle any project I threw at him. I knew that Adam's work would develop and mature on the pages of our magazine, so I figure it wouldn't hurt to give him a chance. It would have been a shame if Hosstail had turned his back on all the artists that came knocking on his door back in 1953. I think you might agree.

Now, at the first of this column I said that it was your turn to toss your chips on the table and tell us how we're doing.

We opted not to include a reader's survey in this issue so we could use the space for stories, so you folks are on your own on this one. Rip a piece of paper out of that Big Chief notebook by the phone, grab a pen, and drop us a note.

Please include your name and address; when you started reading *True West*; where you buy our magazine; other interests you have and magazines you read; what types of movies, music, and books you enjoy; some of your favorite articles or artwork from the past year; the columns or departments you enjoy most; and what you would like to see in *True West*.

While you're at it, why not throw a photo of yourself in the envelope. We'd like to see what our "family" looks like. Send your comments to:

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Marcus Huff

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WEST SKETCH

BY ADAM WALLENTA

DAVE RUDABAUGH LOSES HIS HEAD

FEBRUARY 18, 1886, PARRAL, MEXICO—Dave Rudabaugh, a murderer, thief, and former companion of Billy the Kid, gets into a card game in a Parral cantina. Accused of cheating, Rudabaugh kills his two Mexican accusers and then leaves to escape. Finding his horse has wandered away, Rudabaugh returns to the darkened saloon, only to be attacked and beheaded by a group of Mexicans. Rudabaugh's head is displayed as a warning to trigger-happy gringos who enter Parral looking for trouble.

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A POEM FOR BOB AUGUSTINE

I enjoyed the article "The Hanging of Bob Augustine" by Lisa Waller Rogers in the August *True West*. However, I do want to make one clarification. Ms. Rogers refers to William Lyons as being the city marshal. This is incorrect. He was undoubtedly an assistant or deputy marshal.

The city marshal was a man named Citizen Byrn (from whom I descend). He had come from Tennessee and was elected city marshal in 1860. He served in that capacity until April 6, 1863. He served the longest term to that point in San Antonio history, probably due to the lack of available men during the Civil War.

Lyons did go on to serve as city marshal for two separate terms, first in 1865 and again in 1872. I have included a poem that was written about the hanging of Augustine, and published in an 1890 book titled *San Antonio de Bexar.—James K. Purcell, Wilseyville, California.*

Editor's Note: Much obliged for the clarification, Mr. Purcell. I'll be glad to share with our readers the poem you enclosed with your letter. It makes for mighty fine readin'. The poem is named "La Ley de Mondragon," and goes like this:

A little tree once grew
In a street in San Antone,
That little tree we knew
As "La ley de Mondragon"

Which in a street of flowers
Put forth no blossom fair,
Yet the Holy Powers
A ghastly fruit it bare,

Whose seed was sudden death,
Whose stem a tight drawn rope.
The Vigilante saith,
"Well founded is the hope."

That the law of Mondragon
All Texas will endorse
That here in San Antone
You must not steal a horse.

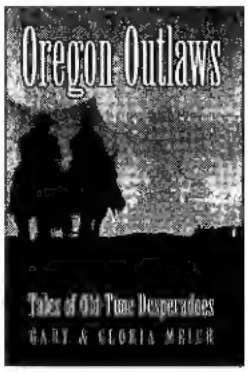
Still Rolling Along

As a long-time reader of *True West*, and a sometime writer for it, I would like to say how much I like the improvements in both format and the printing of the magazine. You all are doing a first class job of ramrodding it, and I am sure most readers agree with me.—*Konrad F. Schreier, Jr., Los Angeles, California.*

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. E-mail us at, Western@cowboy.net. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

GARY & GLORIA MEIER

Oregon Outlaws



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CHAMPOEG: THE "OREGON" VOTE

Champoeg State Park, located on the Willamette River just south of the Portland, Oregon, metropolitan area, commemorates the tumultuous vote for American control of the Oregon country, a vote carried by the partnership of American and French Canadian settlers against the Hudson's Bay Company, which for decades had represented British commercial and territorial interests in the Pacific Northwest. The Oregon country in those days was a vast, ill-defined wilderness stretching from the Rockies to the Pacific, south to the redwoods and north into what is now British Columbia. Since 1818, British and Americans had sustained an uneasy coexistence, with both sides sporting claims which dated back into the 1700s. Fuel was being added to a potentially explosive situation, as more and more American settlers poured into the Oregon country. Events took a dramatic turn at Champoeg in May 1843.

The meadow called Champoeg had first drawn French Canadians, most of whom had left the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, approximately forty miles to the north on the Columbia River. With their predominantly Indian wives, the former voyageurs had sought out the little clearing which was the first good landing on the Willamette south of the falls at Oregon City. Their numbers grew so dense that the area became known as "French Prairie." Americans began arriving around 1840, also drawn to the fine soil and easy river access. They ranged from Methodist missionaries to mountain men (Joe Meek being one) and were united only in their desire to see the British leave Oregon. Meek had retired from trapping in 1840, after the beaver fell from fashion. His brother-in-law, Robert Newell, who had married a sister of Meek's Indian wife, Virginia, convinced him to settle down to farming, and the men both staked out land in the Champoeg area.

To this curious group of missionaries, voyageurs, and mountain men, add wild animals in the Willamette Valley. The winter of 1843 saw a number of meetings convened. The gatherings were held to find a solution to the threat that wolves

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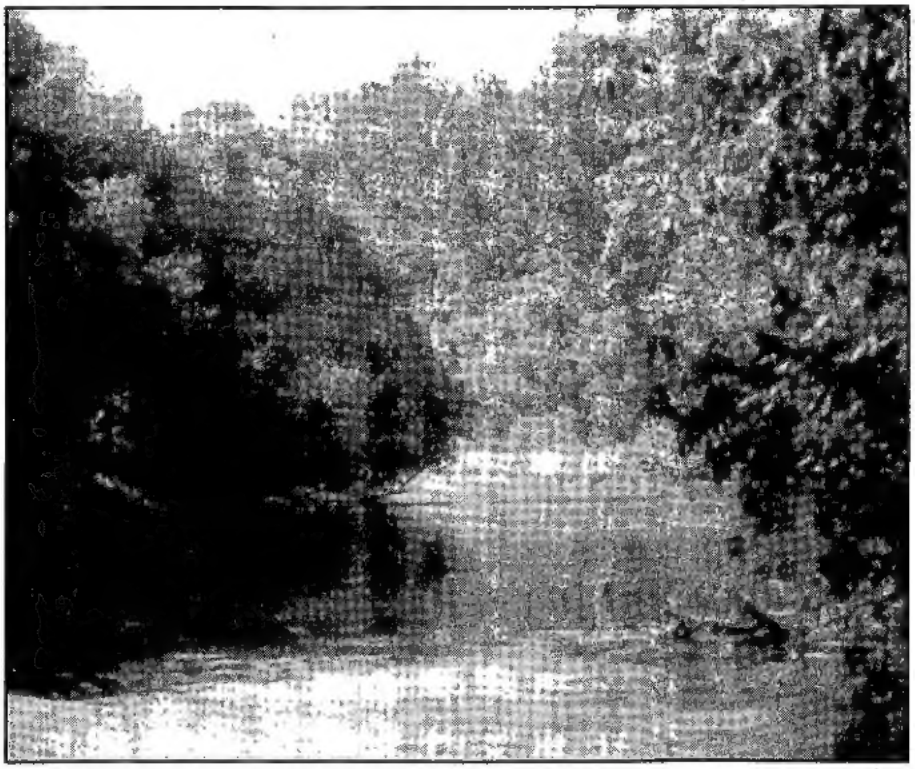
..... By Robin Pennock

represented to livestock, but talk naturally turned to political issues. The lack of a formal government was noted, and these so-called "wolf meetings" became thinly veiled attempts to organize a push for a provisional American government. At a "wolf meeting" in March, a motion was passed to organize a committee to look into measures needed for civil and military protection of the settlers. "Protection" obviously meant more than simply fending off wolves. On May 2, 1843, over one hundred men met at Champoeg, ready to vote on the committee's report. It was an explosive conclave.

The meeting began inside the Hudson's Bay warehouse, but the commotion which ensued dictated that an open-air meeting be held. Everyone adjourned to the outdoors, where the raucous assembly continued. Finally, Joe Meek called for a "divide," a standing vote. Whether he actually drew a line in the soil is up for debate, but the numbers were close. Fifty-two men, Americans and French Canadians unhappy with their treatment by the Bay Company and chagrined at British policies in French Canada, stood for a provisional government, while the fifty who represented Hudson Bay interests stood against. (The actual numbers may have been fifty-five to fifty; as with many events on this date, the count is up for debate.)

The subsequent establishment of a bare bones provisional government, American-dominated and situated at Oregon City, put one more nail into the British coffin in the Oregon country.



Author's Collection

The Willamette River at Champoeg State Park.

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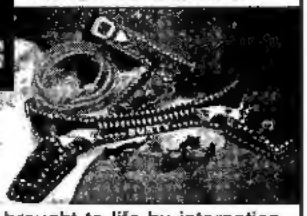

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Champoeg State Park and National Historic District features a comprehensive visitors center showcasing exhibits tracing the history of the area from the Kalapuyan Indians to the steamboat era. Of great interest are the photographs depicting the savage floods of the early 1890s. These floods spelled the end of the community of Champ-oeg, leaving only Robert Newell's house, built on a rise, standing in their wake. The visitors center is home to Theodore Gegoux's seven-by-eleven-foot painting, "The Inception of the Birth of Oregon," showing the events of May 2, 1843. The park offers hiking and bike trails (the actual Champoeg townsite is a one-mile hike from the paved road which loops throughout the park), picnic facilities, and overnight camping. The Pioneer Mothers Memorial Cabin and Daughters of the American Revolution Museum, built in the early years of this century, honor the rugged life led by early female settlers. A monument nearby commemorates the decisive vote for an American provisional government.

Champoeg State Park and National Historic District is located twenty miles south of Portland on Interstate 5. Summer hours are from 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM daily. Winter hours are from noon to 4:00 PM. The Robert Newell House has been restored and is open Saturday and Sunday afternoons from March to October; the Pioneer Mothers Memorial Cabin and DAR Museum is open from 12:00 AM TO 5:00 PM, March to October.

The park also offers guided walking programs and evening videos. A gift shop provides a small but good collection of books dealing with the events at Champoeg.

In the end, Oregon did go to the Americans. Whether the events at Champoeg were decisive or not, they have attained legendary status. The park is a suitable stopping point for anyone interested in the history of the Pacific Northwest.

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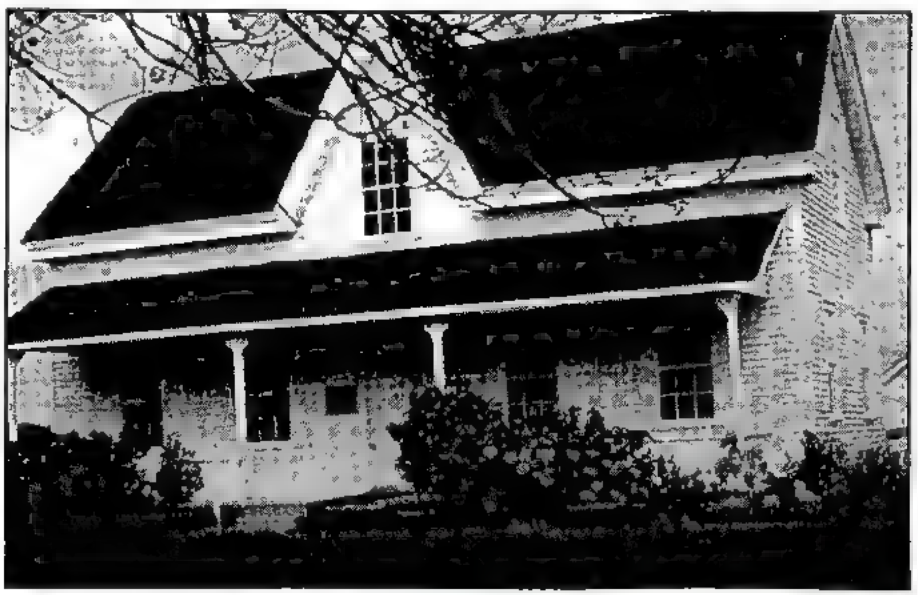
Author's Collection

(Above) The mural, "The Inception of the Birth of Oregon," depicts the divide at Champoeg, and is located in the Oregon State Capitol in Salem.
(Below) The Robert Newell House adjacent to Oregon's Champoeg State Park.

Author's Collection



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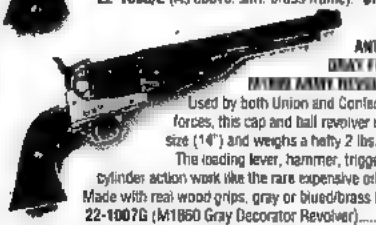

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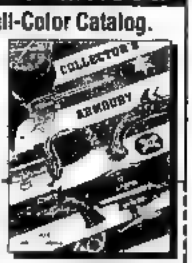

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SHOWDOWN WITH SHOTGUNS

THE CAPTURE OF BUCK ENGLISH

By Michael Chegwyn • Illustrations by Michael Nunnally

Bumping along the unpaved straightaways and rocking precariously around the curves, the fringe-topped surrey raced over the ascending road between Napa and Monticello, California. The light vehicle and the warm spring morning notwithstanding, this was anything but a leisurely jaunt in the countryside.

Inside the surrey, Napa County Undersheriff Robert Brownlee urged his team on, while at the same time struggling to keep a LeFever twelve-gauge, hammerless shotgun between his legs. Alongside, John Williams, a stagecoach driver deputized by Brownlee, braced himself in his seat with an identical weapon across his knees. Scattergun muzzles sprouted from the rear seats in the hands of Napa County District Attorney Theodore Bell and deputized former stage driver John True. The well-armed quartet, in fact, were sheriff's possemen rushing to intercept a pair of escaping stage robbers.

It was appropriate, if not coincidental, that Williams and True were aboard, men whose professions gave them a personal stake in apprehending the particular sort of criminals they now found themselves pursuing. And it was rather unusual that both Brownlee, with the official power to enforce the law by arresting the culprits, and Bell, who would prosecute them if they were captured, shared the cramped space of the speeding wagon. The posse's mode of transportation, too, was unorthodox, the surrey not being commonly used as a mount for peace officers chasing wrongdoers in the West.

But it was the stage robbers sought by the shotgun-toting foursome who sounded the most extraordinary note in the explosive drama that was about to unfold. Having held up one stagecoach two days before, the wanted pair had jumped aboard another to complete their getaway, and the coach in which they were riding was now rapidly approaching the surrey from the opposite direction over the same road. The lawmen planned to stop the oncoming coach at gunpoint, robbing it of the criminals aboard.

Buck English sat next to driver John Gardner and smoked a cigarette as he squinted out from under the brim of his black slouch hat at the scrubby, rising terrain. He was similarly armed as the lawmen heading in his direction—he had a twelve-gauge shotgun across his lap. Beneath his gray duster, he carried a short-barreled, single-action, .45-caliber Colt "Shopkeeper's Model" revolver in a cutaway leather holster.

English had been down many roads in his forty-three years.

Native to the evergreen forests bordering the "Big Road" running through Oregon's Willamette Valley, he haunted the narrow defiles of Northern California's Coast Range in his prime, and he had drifted far afield to ride the pack routes of British Columbia and the cattle tracks lacing America's Northern Plains. Yet of all the paths upon which Buck English had wayfared over more than four decades of rough, adventurous living, it was the owl hoot trail that he seemed to prefer.

English was a stock rustler, highway robber, gunfighter, gambler, smuggler, and brawler who for the past twenty years had either been on the dodge, in prison, or cleaving to vocations that put him close to the wrong side of the law.

By contrast, English's twenty-year-old companion, R.N. Breckinridge, who rode inside Gardner's coach with a double-action Colt revolver tucked in his waistband, was a reform school graduate with a petty criminal record and a city man's lack of stamina. While hiking from the site of a stage robbery they had committed, the younger man's feet had given out.

When not behind bars, English had dwelt out-of-doors his entire life. Even suffering from numerous infirmities acquired in past violent skirmishes and still carrying three old high-caliber slugs lodged next to his spine, he had been able to walk twenty-three miles in sixteen hours, over extremely broken terrain, without showing the least exhaustion. And though English was not a cold-blooded killer, he could be counted upon to put up a vicious fight if cornered.

The stage skirted the side road to Wooden Valley and started up the two-mile, 665-foot grade on the eastern slope of Napa Mountain, the ridge running northeast from Mount George. On the western slope, Brownlee and his men passed Vichy Springs, slid beneath Old Man With A Pipe Rock, crossed Snow Flat, and pushed their team hard for the 1,265-foot summit. The two vehicles drew closer as the seconds ticked away.

UNEASY, BUT UNWITTING to the presence of the approaching surrey, English continued to gaze about in silence, musing perhaps over the tumultuous adolescence he had spent in the surrounding countryside where the Howell Mountains taper off to the tule marshes of San Pablo Bay. To the southeast in Green Valley, one of his brothers had been fatally shot, his father almost stabbed to death, and another brother crippled for life. Straight ahead in Napa, on a separate occasion, a third brother had taken a lethal bullet. That small wagon hurtling in Buck's direction was really the future that he had always courted.

"We'll be getting off before you reach town," Buck finally told the short, black-bearded *jehu* at his elbow. Gardner, who had sent a message to authorities that he suspected that he might be carrying the accused road-agents, was doubtlessly hoping they would.

With the exception of tangential mention in several works devoted to broader local subjects, the dramatic lawless career of Buck English has largely gone unnoticed by modern historians of western history. English, nevertheless, was one of the last of the better-known desperadoes to prowl the forested mountain trails of the Pacific Coast in the waning years of the nineteenth century. Ruthless and flamboyant, he fashioned a long-lasting reputation for incorrigible devilment that was profusely chronicled in the newspapers of the time. Among some people living in the areas where he operated, Buck was a genuine folk hero.

In a biographical document prepared at the time he was seeking parole from his final prison term, English answered a question as to why he had committed the crime for which he was then incarcerated by tersely replying, "Got started wrong when a young man."

Given his background, the odds against growing up to be anything than what he became were exceedingly high.

"Buchanan English," the Napa *Daily Journal* informed its readers shortly after Buck's last arrest, "is a member of one of the 'hardest' families ever in this part of the country." And a few days later, a San Francisco *Chronicle* story observed, "Buck English, the desperado and stage robber, comes from a family... which has been notorious in the state of California."

Buck's father, Benjamin Franklin English, Sr., born in Madison County, Kentucky, in 1815, became a grizzled pioneer living on the forward edge of the advancing Amer-ican frontier. He had a cougar's bravery and a robust physical constitution but harbored a fiery violent streak and a penchant for intrigue and vendetta.

Buck's mother, Pauline (Durbin) English, was born near St. Louis, Missouri, in 1811 was the epitome of sturdy frontier womanhood. Her life-long, fierce sense of loyalty to her spouse and children was every bit as implacable as that given another Missouri matriarch, Zerelda (Cole) James, mother of Frank and Jesse. Ben and Pauline English, in fact, reached adulthood in Clay County, Missouri, the James boys' home turf, and they were married there on August 16, 1833.

The Englishes, with their first six children, were among the estimated 1,700 immigrants who made the overland trek to Oregon or California in 1846. After an arduous ten-month trek over the Oregon and Applegate trails, the family settled on 640 acres a half-mile south of the Luckiamute River in southern Polk County, Oregon. The couple's last

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five children were born on the homestead. Seventh son Lane Buchanan (Buck) came into the world on November 23, 1853. His parents christened him after Oregon pioneer governor Joseph Lane, but Buck apparently disliked the name. He called himself Lawrence during his adult life, though he was far better known by the nickname derived from his middle name.

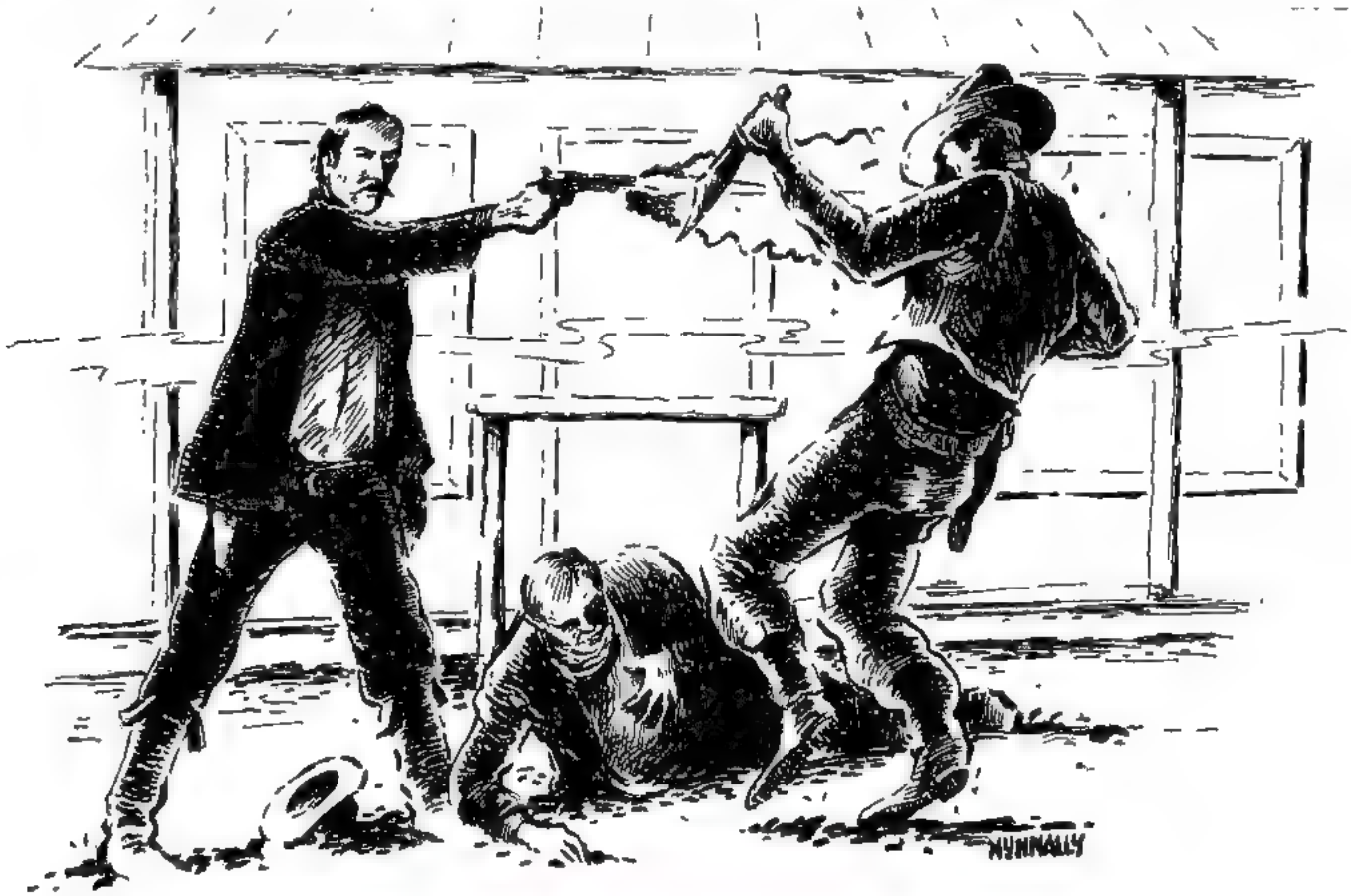
Ben English, Sr., and his male offspring were adept at self-preservation in the wilderness, but in a more civilized setting they seemed bent on their own destruction. Of the eight sons born to Ben and Pauline English, seven grew up to establish reputations as gunslingers and highwaymen. David, first-born of the English children, was also the first reputed outlaw among Buck's brothers. David, along with companions Nelson Scott and William Peebles, were hung by vigilantes guarding them on Saturday night, November 15, 1862, in Lewiston, Idaho, after they were captured and accused of committing a series of pack-train hold-ups in the Clearwater-Salmon River goldfields.

The violent demise of David English was only one of a string of troubles that beset the English family with the dawn of the 1860s. The most crushing blow to the family's fortunes came with the winter of 1861-1862, the worst that white settlers in the Northwest had experienced since their arrival.

The onset of summer 1863 found the Englishes resettled in Green Valley, Solano County, California, where they purchased a squatter's plot overlooking the lush thousand acres of pastures and orchards owned by Pauline's younger brother, Warren Perry Durbin. Here the two families, the Englishes and Durbins, renewed a terrific quarrel that had begun on the Oregon Trail. The Englishes also arrived in Green Valley amidst a protracted, often bloody land war pitting Durbin and a score of original American settlers against about three hundred diverse squatters who had drifted into Solano County and other parts of California with the waning of the gold rush. A legislative and judicial impasse over the resolution of the land dispute, along with partisan tensions emanating from the far-off Civil War, had already contributed to an outbreak of pitched battles between squatters and earlier American settlers, assassinations, and lynchings.

The vendetta reached a climax on September 6, 1865, during county elections. Ben, Sr., his twenty-two-year-old son, Warren Perry, and his twenty-five-year-old son, Charles Henry, met W.P. Durbin at the polls in Pittman's Bridgeport Hotel in Bridgeport (now Cordelia), the village at the entrance to Green Valley.

"Old Man" English and Durbin traded profanities and a savage explosion of violence followed. In the carnage, Durbin stabbed Ben, Sr., and slashed Charley, Charley shot Durbin in the chest, and Warren Perry English, coming to Charley's rescue, was shot from behind by Durbin's foreman, Frank Grady, who immediately mounted a horse and escaped. Bystanders finally put a stop to the violence.



Durbin, "Old Man" English, and Charley English barely survived their ghastly wounds. Charley, the only participant to be convicted for his part in the fight, was tried in November 1865, in nearby Fairfield, found guilty, and sentenced to a two-year term in San Quentin prison for assaulting Durbin. Grady eventually turned himself in, was tried twice in 1866 for the murder of Warren Perry English, and finally acquitted.

The "terrible affray in Green Valley," as contemporary newspapers referred to it, was witnessed by many people and became a vividly recalled incident in the minds of local inhabitants that exemplified a troubled era in early Solano County history.

The five remaining English brothers became wilder after Charley's 1866-1867 prison term. With deeply scarified face and partially crippled arms, Charley returned to the family's Green Valley squatter claim, took up the heavy drinking for which he had been known before his arrest, and began to associate with men who had established prior records for outlawry, including horse thief John "Bulgar" Raines and burglar/highwayman John "Black Jack" Bowen.

The effects of this pernicious influence upon the other English brothers became explicitly apparent for the first time on the night of March 14, 1868, when Charley, older brother Daniel, and Bulgar Raines got into a fracas with a number of Hispanic patrons in a dance hall in the Spanish district of Napa. Charley took bullets to the midsection (which he survived), and Dan, suffering a slug to the side of the head fired from a revolver held by dance hall proprietor Guadelupe Coronado, died in a pool of his own blood.

By 1872 the family had moved to a 162-acre homestead just north of Anderson Springs in Lake County, California. It was in Lake County that the English brothers, and Buck in particular, began to make their marks as desperadoes. Buck's elder brother, Harmon Hamilton (Ham), having contracted tuberculosis, left the family around this time and settled in Woodland, Yolo County, California, where he took up the life of a professional gambler. In April 1875 he outdrew and killed Frank Slocum, another gambler, in Woodland's Cache Creek Saloon. Exonerated on grounds of self-defense, Ham left and spent many years roaming around California, the Great Basin, and the Northwest, keeping saloons and gambling. Among his notorious cronies were Oregon gunfighter Hank Vaughan and robber/killer William (Billy) Roe. Weakened with consumption, Ham died of smallpox in Arizona in late March 1887.

In January 1874, Charley, Buck, and Eugene English bought the butcher trade of a pair of German immigrants. Financed by prominent Lake County stock-raiser Peter Daly, the business did well for about six months, becoming a front for a stock rustling operation. In July, Daly dissolved the partnership and the English boys went broke. On the heels of the business failure, Buck went to his friend, William P. Lawler, then superintendent of Napa County's Oat Hill Quicksilver Mine and later a California supreme court judge. Revealing as much about his nonchalant scruples as his lack of good business sense, Buck complained to Lawler, "I can't understand this at all. Those Dutchmen bought all their stock, paid all their bills when they came due, and made money. We stole all our stock, never paid a bill, and still we lose. It's too much for me. I guess I'm no businessman."

Over a short amount of time a trove of long-told rumors and anecdotes grew up around Buck and his family. Lake County, encircled by mountains, is broken into small, semi-isolated valleys separated by rugged, thickly-forested terrain where the pastoral economy and continuing frontier lifestyle suited the English family's traditional rural instincts. Lake County historian Henry Mauldin has related, "Buck was crooked by nature but because of his big heartedness and likability he had many friends which was no help to the authorities when they wanted information [on him]."

The English boys' reckless adventures and illegal activities had become a matter of frequent public notice over a three-county area by the mid-1870s. Five feet seven inches tall, with sandy brown hair and handlebar moustache, gray-blue eyes, a long, handsome face, and a flamboyant demeanor, Buck drew most of the attention and seemed to seek it.

In what the Lake County *Bee* called a "sad affair," the youngest English brother, Eugene, accidentally shot and killed his friend, miner Mike Ready, with a gun he thought wasn't loaded. A coroner's inquest exonerated English for the incident, which took place on a February evening in 1875, in front of Edward O. Cassidy's saloon.

In August 1875, Buck and an unidentified companion robbed three or four Chinese quicksilver miners near the eastern end of the Great Western Mine Road, three miles south of Middletown. On the morning of October 9, 1875, Buck and an unidentified cohort robbed W.E.B. Hagans and Company's Calistoga Lower Lake stagecoach near the Bradford Quicksilver Mine, four miles south of Middletown. The robbery turned out to be what stage robbers called a "water haul" because the strongbox contained only heavy brass casings. Wells, Fargo Superintendent J.J. Valentine, nevertheless, issued a reward poster offering $500 for capture of the bandits, a reward that was never collected. Chided by friends for the failure of the robbery to payoff, Buck allegedly told them, "Someday I'll make Wells-Fargo weep."

One of the most sensational episodes of Buck's life at this time was his gunfight with John Good, Jr., son of a local carpenter, a former professional soldier who had served as a member of the king of the Hawaiian Islands palace guard, and a member of the Good Templars Lodge, which was attempting to put a stop to gambling and alcohol sales in Middletown.

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Fancying himself a shootist and presenting himself as the reformers' champion, Good told English, viewed as a stalwart of the saloon and gambling interests, to get out of town. Buck ignored him.

The temperature hung in the mid-nineties on the evening of June 10, 1876, as Good and English met in front of Thomas Hames' saloon on Middletown's Calistoga Street. The two men emptied their revolvers at each other and Good took slugs to the right wrist and, more seriously, to the right thigh. English emerged with a slight flesh wound in a shoulder. Both men recovered and neither was charged. "The affair has created no little excitement and was witnessed by a large proportion of our citizens," the Lake County *Bee's* correspondent in Middletown reported.

On September 20, 1876, Buck and a friend, William Turner, were arrested for grand larceny, specifically stealing two hogs and a steer known locally as the "Tom Brown Ox." After two separate trials in which he was found guilty in Lakeport, Buck began serving a two-year sentence early in 1877 in San Quentin. On May 30, 1877, the California supreme court threw out Buck's convictions, but he stayed in prison until October when the Lake County prosecutor finally refused to retry the cases.

By this time Charley, Eugene, and James Winfield had already been at work, robbing people on Lake County's roads. Buck joined them, and on the morning of January 8, 1878, he, Gene, and Winfield held up a seventy-two-year-old farmer, L.C. Pyle, taking $115. They escaped to the Coyote Hills and were pursued and captured by Lake County Deputy Sheriff J. McCall with help from a Pomo Indian tracker. The trio were taken to Lakeport and Buck finally admitted his guilt. He was sentenced to an eight-year sentence for highway robbery and began serving it in late January, again at San Quentin.

Winfield turned state's evidence and Gene jumped bail to join Charley, who had hidden out. Along with James and William Donaldson (wanted for highway robbery and arson), Charley and Gene rode north where they took up robbing Chinese miners and stagecoaches. The Donaldsons were captured in the Klamath River wilderness in mid-August and Charley in Portland, Oregon, later in that month.

Charley was returned to California, tried, found guilty, and handed an eight-year sentence which he served in both San Quentin and Folsom prisons. He was released in March 1882, and in 1885 his mother reported that he was in Mexico, though his ultimate fate has not been established. Gene evaded capture, served with a civilian militia company pursuing Bannack Indians through eastern Oregon in late summer of 1878, and was last known to be living near his older brother, Benjamin Franklin English, Jr., nicknamed "Doc," not far from Ashcroft, British Columbia, in 1891.

Buck English was released from San Quentin on October 29, 1882. Wells, Fargo Detective Charles Aull, while investigating a Sonoma County stage robbery that November, noted in a message to Wells, Fargo General Superintendent S.B. Bristow, that during Buck's latest prison term he had been the inseparable companion of Jack Bowen (Black Jack), Big Frank Clark, Billy "Gray Fox" Miner, and others. The robbery of the Lakeport-Cloverdale stage, which Aull was investigating, is usually attributed to Black Bart, yet Aull also observed that English "lives...on direct line of route the stage robber went and came from the robbery."

Through 1883, Buck plied a trade one might think incongruous for a paroled highway robber—he drove a stage for the Anderson Springs Resort. His father died on December 26, 1883, and in spring 1884 he went to British Columbia where he worked as a cowboy for his ranch-owning brother, "Doc." In early 1885 he helped drive a band of horses to Alberta and in May enlisted as a scout for the Canadian army during the Riel Rebellion. He was wounded in the head and made a slow recovery in Montreal.

By October he was out west again, this time smuggling whiskey across the United States-Canadian border near Fort McLeod. In 1886 he returned to Lake County, California, and brought his mother back to British Columbia where she lived with "Doc" and his family until her death in 1896. From 1886 to 1889 Buck drove cattle and gambled in the Chilcotin and Cariboo districts of British Columbia. From 1889 to 1891 he was back in the U.S., where he worked on Montana ranches around Fort Benton in the snow-free months and gambled in Salt Lake City, Utah, in the winters.

In November 1891 Buck was arrested near Pendleton, Oregon, charged with stealing a poke of gold from a Chinese miner. He was tried at Baker City, found guilty, and spent nine months in the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem until he wrestled a pardon from Governor George Pennroyer, though, as Buck later admitted, "I really did rob that China man."

Buck then settled in Portland, spending time working for an electric light company and as a dog-catcher, barkeeper, and gambler. Here he began socializing with R.N. Breckinridge, originally from Los Angeles, who had spent a 1891-92 term in the Oregon state prison for burglarizing a warehouse in Baker City and a stint with Coxey's Army in which he helped steal a locomotive, earning himself several months in a U.S. military compound in Idaho. To solve their mutual dilemma, no money—Breckinridge was out of a job though recently married and English needed more to continue his gambling—Buck decided to go back to California to restart criminal activities in the Lake-Napa County areas where he had began his criminal career. Breckinridge agreed to join him, the pair took a steamer to San Francisco, then traveled north to Calistoga, over Mount Saint Helena to a spot about two and a half miles south of the Mirabel (formerly Bradford) Quicksilver Mine about one-half mile inside Napa

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Lake County Historical Society

Calistoga & Clear Lake stage, "Kentucky," at Mirabel Mine headquarters, two and a half miles north of the English robbery site.

County. Here, on the afternoon of May 6, 1895, they waited in heavy foliage for the north-bound William Spiers' Calistoga & Clear Lake State Line coach.

The big, red and yellow mud wagon driven by veteran reinsman Allen Richard Palmer came around a bend near Rattlesnake Spring about 2:15 PM. Palmer stopped his stage for the robbers dressed in long, gray dusters, blue denim trousers, and black slouch hats, each armed with a Colt revolver. Buck and Breckinridge ordered the seven male passengers—six businessmen on their way to Lake County resorts from the Bay Area and a Chinese labor contractor—along with Palmer, to line up beside the road while they were relieved of their valuables.

When Breckinridge started to do so to Palmer, the driver complained, "You wouldn't rob a stage driver, would you?" To this Buck told Breckinridge "No, let him go." Buck, in fact, was well acquainted with Palmer, and thought the driver did not recognize him, as Palmer had driven stages in the area since 1879. Buck also recognized Byrd Hunt, a freight wagon driver whom the bandits also stopped, without robbing, as he passed the robbery scene.

Buck chatted with Hunt and even bummed a chew of tobacco.

Having gathered their spoils, five watches, a shotgun, some jewelry, and about $1,000 from passengers as well as the strongbox, the highwaymen allowed Palmer to continue the journey. After that they slipped away towards the Livermore Road and finally disappeared with the onset of darkness near John Shipton's ranch.

Palmer drove north to the Mirabel Mine where he telephoned news of the robbery to Lake and Napa county authorities. As pursuit of the robbers commenced, Buck and Breckinridge hiked east to the Oat Hill Quicksilver Mine, then southeast to Aetna Springs and on into Pope Valley. From there they followed Pope Creek Canyon east to the Berryessa Valley, covering about two dozen miles in sixteen hours. On May 8, 1895, they hid out on Pulaski D. Grigsby's property. The next morning they moved out of the valley and took breakfast at Charles Moore's tavern about five miles west of Monticello

By this juncture Breckinridge's feet had given out and Buck decided to take the Napa-Monticello-Knoxville stage when it arrived. Moore was suspicious of the pair, however, and they left before the stage arrived, finally hailing the south-bound vehicle while walking in the bed of Capell Creek. They paid driver John Gardner, and Buck took a seat next to him while Breckinridge climbed inside behind them. Charles Moore had conveyed his suspicions to Gardner and when Gardner stopped to pick up mail at Walter Pieratt's ranch in Capell Valley he asked a group of schoolchildren, going to Monticello by wagon, to alert the constable. Alerted by the children, Monticello Constable John Nash phoned the Napa County sheriff's office in Napa. Gardner, meanwhile, drove the stage on to Windy Flat, a roadhouse and freight-stop owned by Frank Grigsby about eight miles from Napa. Here Buck got his last taste of freedom by drinking a beer and chatting with patrons.

Undersheriff Robert Brownlee took Nash's call, and hearing that the suspected bandits were approaching Napa on Gardner's stage, he recruited stage drivers John Williams and John True, as well as twenty-two-year-old Napa County District Attorney Theodore Bell, to help him intercept the coach. Armed with shotguns, the impromptu posse climbed in a twin-horse, fringed-topped surrey parked on Napa's Second Street, and started out of town at breakneck speed. They departed Napa on the Napa-Monticello Road, today State Route 128.

The lawmen intended to meet the incoming stage at the top of Mount George, but Gardner's open-

sided coach had already rolled over the summit when the two vehicles drew abreast of one another. Seeing English and Breckinridge, Brownlee instructed Williams, "There's the fellows! Stand them up!" Before Williams could follow Brownlee's instructions, English raised the shotgun he was carrying and immediately fired down into the surrey. The shot peppered Williams and Brownlee, inflicting minor wounds as English's gun was loaded only with birdshot. The shotgun was knocked from Brownlee's grasp.

Just as English fired, Williams returned fire with his own shotgun, striking English in the side. English then dropped his shotgun and, reaching beneath his duster, unlimbered his revolver. He pointed the gun at Williams to shoot him at point-blank range, but the revolver had been hit by buckshot and jammed. Seeing this, English put the gun to Gardner's head and told him to drive away as fast as he could.

Jumping out of the opposite side of the surrey, Theodore Bell fired his shotgun from about fifteen yards away, striking English in the back and slightly wounding Gardner. English seemed to faint for a few seconds, then he sat up as the stage disappeared around a bend with Bell pursuing on foot. About 500 yards down the west side of Mount George, English fell into unconsciousness and Gardner drew his vehicle to a halt. While English put up the fierce resistance expected of him, Breckinridge jumped out of Gardner's coach and tried to escape into the heavy chaparral. John True chased him, fired once, struck Breckinridge in the foot, and Breckinridge threw up his hands in surrender. Breckinridge was quickly put aboard the surrey and the three lawmen rode down to Gardner's stage. Rising from unconsciousness as Brownlee and his deputies approached, English asked, "How many of you did I kill?" Later, the notorious outlaw admitted, "I guess I was a little too bold."

While the lawmen hurried to bring the prisoners to Napa, six miles away, Bell held English inside the stage as he lapsed in and out of consciousness. The district attorney finally had to help keep Buck's intestines from protruding from his stomach as a result of the gaping wound in his torso. Still, the resilient brigand was not too far gone as not to have remembered to toss one of the gold watches he had stolen out of the coach as the stage raced him away from what would be his last gunbattle.

San Quentin Penitentiary

R.N. Breckinridge, San Quentin, May 30, 1895.

Large crowds gathered about Napa's Courthouse Square jail when Brownlee and his deputies returned to town. In the days ahead dozens of men and women came to the jail to look at English. The lawmen involved in his arrest were called upon to tell their stories of the incident repeatedly.

Dr. Ben Springsteen was summoned to treat English and, after probing his wounds, he found fifty-two buckshot. Buck also had a broken arm, broken ribs, and large wounds in his torso and upper body.

Springsteen gave Buck a dim prognosis, predicting that if loss of blood did not kill him shortly, pneumonia would do so in a few days. At the same time, Springsteen patched-up Breckinridge's foot wound while Dr. Zak Hennessey treated Brownlee, Williams, and Gardner for face and leg wounds. They had almost completely recovered in less than a week.

Sedated with morphine, Buck lay on the cusp of life and death. "He is past surgical skill...though he has a splendid physique and the grit of a bulldog, it will be a miracle if he lives for the buckshot has torn him horribly," the San Francisco *Examiner* reported May 10. "He does not admit...that he is even suffering....There is no likelihood that he will make a statement about the crime. He will go to his grave the same cool, determined desperado he showed himself to be when he guyed the passengers as he took their money at gunpoint."

On May 12 an extraordinary discovery was made. While probing English's lower back where the captive outlaw had complained of acute discomfort, Springsteen extracted the three, old, high-caliber slugs that had been lodged near Buck's spine. Buck would not disclose where or how he acquired the aged bullets, but the lead souvenirs were both testimony to the violent life he had lived, as well as to his uncommon recuperative abilities.

Buck eventually surprised the doomsayers by refusing to give up the ghost. He steadily improved and in June, represented by prominent Napa attorney Henry Hogan, he dropped his initial claim of innocence for a guilty plea. Breckinridge, "Buck's understudy in the

gentle art of stage robbing," as the Napa *Daily Journal* put it, confessed almost immediately and pled guilty on May 22. On May 29, Napa County Superior Court Judge Walter Ham gave Breckinridge a twenty-five-year term, a sentence that left the young man visibly shaken as he had expected less severe punishment.

The next day Breckin-ridge was transferred to San Quentin where he remained until his release in 1910.

Undaunted, English conceived an escape plan using two petty offenders, and a hammer and chisel smuggled in by a boy, to cut a hole in the wicket window of the iron door separating the cellblock from the offices beyond. Jailer Wall Kennedy reported to Napa County Sheriff George McKenzie that "the other prisoners are terrified of English" and "would likely help him to escape in any way he might demand."

In early July, Kennedy became aware of Buck's plan to break out and alerted McKenzie. In the morning hours of July 6, McKenzie and two other law officers waited quietly in the darkness outside the iron door. Just as Buck's reluctant helpers finished cutting a hole in the wicket, the three lawmen rose up and fired into the hole, using hypodermic syringes filled with red ink rather than guns. When McKenzie and his two assistants unlocked the door and rushed in, they identified the culprits by the red stains on their faces, hands, and clothing. English continued to wait for his expected judicial fate.

On Tuesday, July 9, 1895, Buck was taken upstairs and Judge Ham sentenced him to a term of life imprisonment. Buck said nothing. Napa *Register* publisher George Francis editorialized, "The sentence this morning passed upon the outlaw...puts in a safe place a man who preferred the life of a freebooter to that of an honest citizen...."

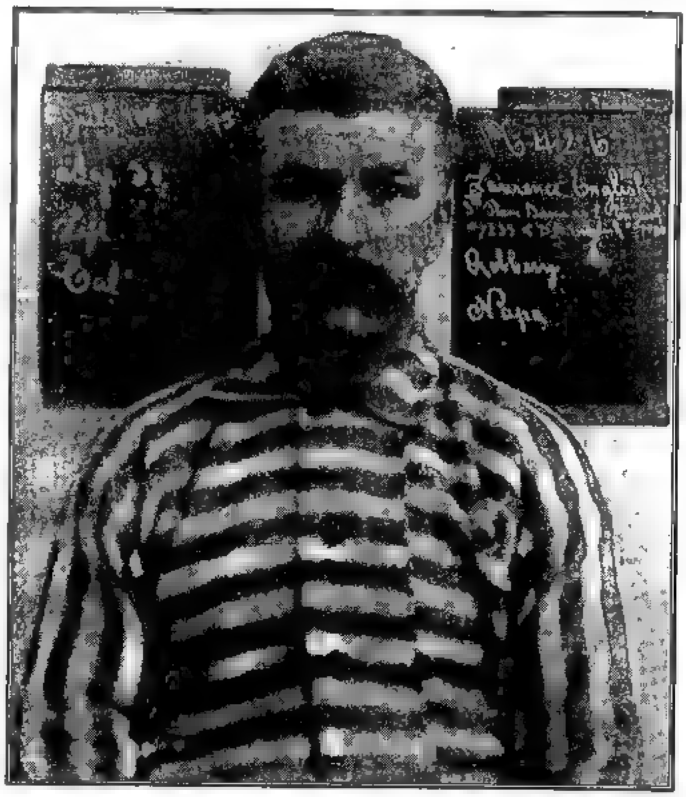
English arrived at San Quentin July 9, and was assigned convict number 16426. It was his fifth prison term. Buck remained inside San Quentin for sixteen years, six months, and twenty-three days. He eventually became a prison trustee, charged with the job of lighting the lamps that illuminated the prison facility. In an autobiographical narrative in the San Francisco *Examiner* in August 1896, Buck wrote, "'Pardon? Well maybe after people forget how tough I've been there might be a chance for that. I'm not despairing...I've some good friends outside who'd help me even if I am a criminal. But then there's no use in speculating about what seems such a long way off."

One of the friends to whom Buck referred was Luke Fay, a native San Franciscan born in 1869, one of the Bay city's important younger businessmen, an influential Democratic politician, and recognized expert on early San Francisco and California history. Early in life he had become intrigued by California outlaws, and in the 1870s, while visiting Lake County as a boy, he met Buck English. Fay admired English and they struck up a close, enduring friendship despite their disparate social backgrounds. "He is all man, every inch of him.... He has a big heart, too," Fay told the San Francisco *Call* in 1912.

Buck converted to Catholicism while in prison and Fay worked for his eventual release. In 1909 Fay signed a voucher attesting to Buck's state of rehabilitation and agreed to employ the released prisoner. Buck could have been released that year, but freedom was delayed by politics. Theodore Bell, the man who brought English down, was running for governor for the second time and there remained lingering sentiment against Buck's notoriety.

Buck finally walked out of San Quentin a free man on February 19, 1912. He then moved to San Francisco where he became a well-known resident. In the fall of 1914 he and Fay attended the opening days of the Pan-Pacific Exposition, and Buck allowed himself to be photographed behind the wheel of an automobile.

Buck English died of coronary disease at San Francisco's City and County Hospital on January 15, 1915. His funeral was held at Saint Mary's Church and he was buried at Forest Lawn Cemetery in Colma. "Crime doesn't pay," Buck said in one of his last utterances, published on page one of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. "I only wish I could have seen things forty years ago in the light that I see them today."



San Quentin Penitentiary

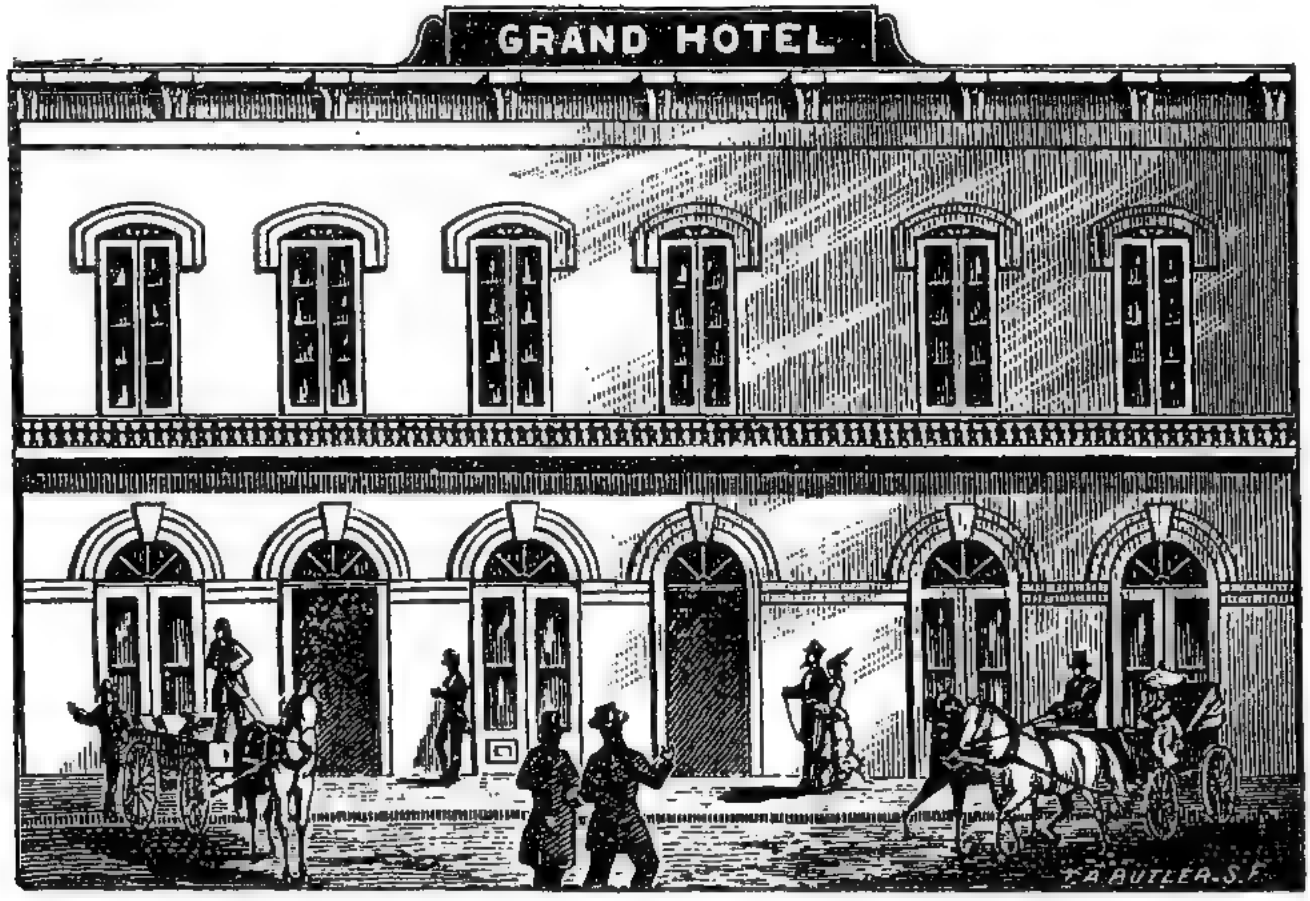
"Buck" English, San Quentin, July 9, 1895.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SLEEPING IN TOMBSTONE 1880s STYLE

By Sherry Monahan

Imagine traveling from one boom town to another, never knowing what to expect when you arrived in a new mining camp. After riding on bumpy stagecoaches, traversing rugged terrain, and worrying about hostile Indians, one could only hope for a decent place to sleep.



Arizona Historical Society

Tombstone's Grand Hotel.

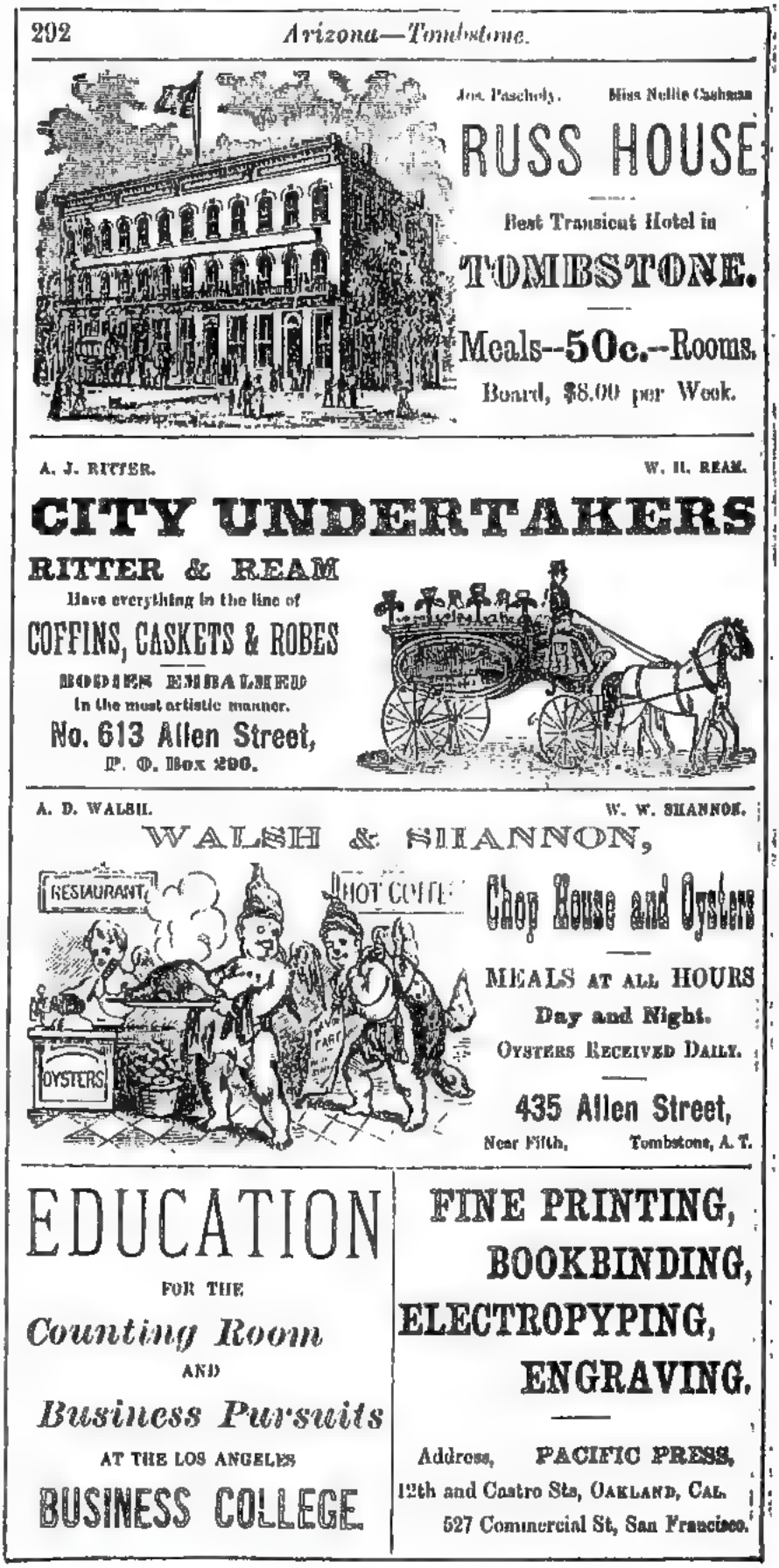
Tombstone, Arizona's, hotels started out rough in the beginning, but were eventually transformed into luxurious havens for weary travelers. The hotels were improved as Tombstone's mines produced an increasing amount of good quality silver ore. What started out as a small silver mining camp in 1878 was growing into a "silver" city. The wealth that surrounded Tombstone was evidenced by the sophisticated lifestyle available to those who could afford it. Tombstone had three deluxe hotels during its heyday, and a fourth opened in 1883. There were also several smaller hotels, as well as many boarding houses.

The town's first hotel was called Brown's, and was established in a tent by Charles "Charley" Brown in 1879. The hotel, as well as most other businesses, began in tents because of the lack of available building materials, and the immediate need for the businesses. In the beginning, the hotel's daily guests averaged around twenty, but because of the large number of people continuously arriving in Tombstone, Charley soon expanded his hotel. Brown's Hotel also had its own restaurant, next door to the hotel.

Carl "Gus" Bilicke and his son, Albert, also opened a hotel in 1879. The Cosmopolitan, also at first a tent structure, reportedly had the very first beds in Tombstone. Gus operated at full capacity and expanded his hotel shortly after he opened it. In addition to his upscale accommodations, Bilicke offered his guests the pleasant sounds of a Steinway piano being played as they entered his establishment.

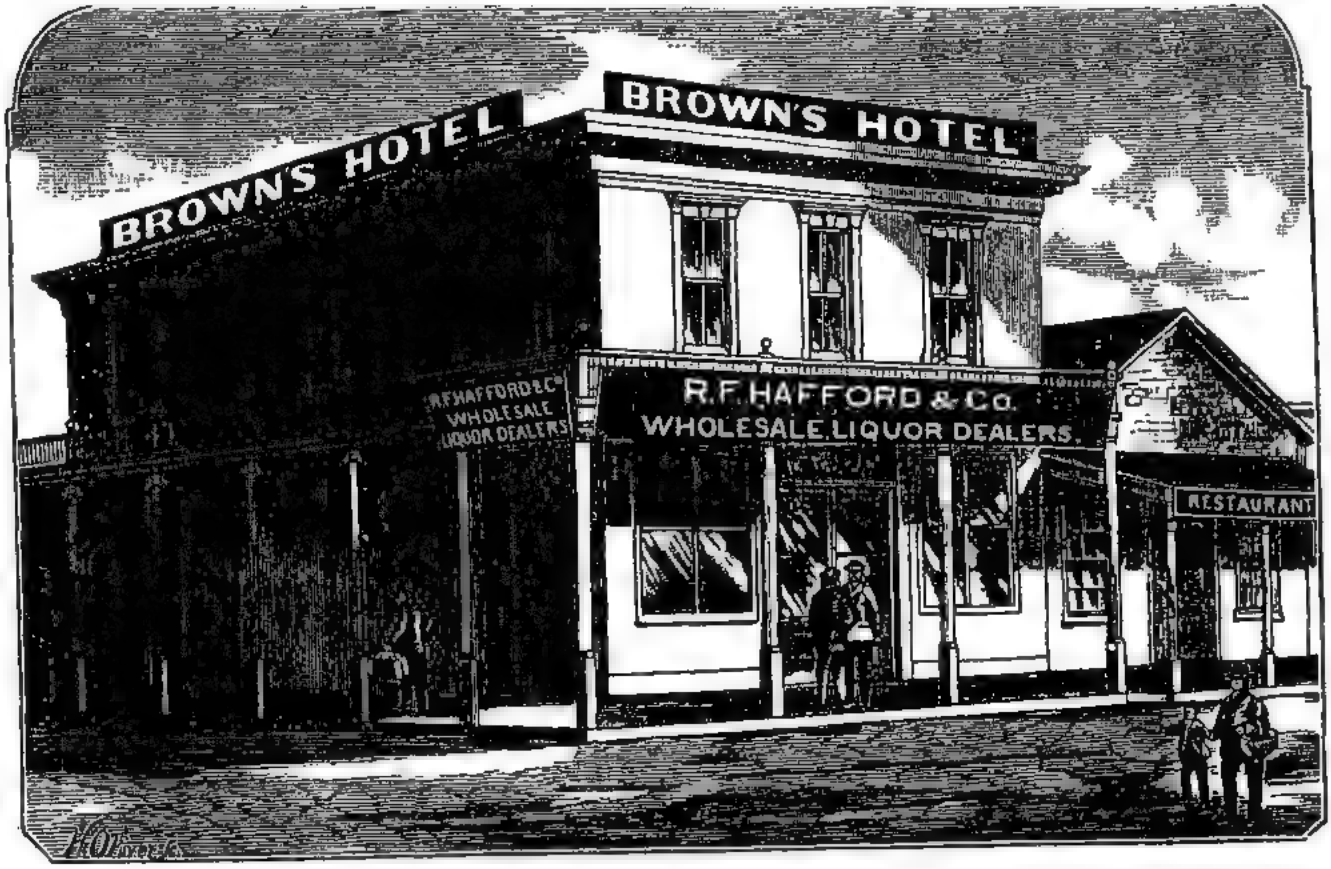
In 1880, Tombstone's mining camp took on a more civilized look when brick, frame, and adobe building structures replaced the tents. Tombstone was reported as one of the most cosmopolitan camps by 1880, and even though the camp's businesses were doing well, Tombstone was still in transition.

Brown's Hotel was being transformed when Charley tore down his



Author's collection from *McKenney's 1882 Business Directory.*

An advertisement for a variety of Tombstone establishments, including the Russ



Arizona Historical Society

Brown's Hotel, located at the corner of Fourth and Allen streets, Tombstone.

wooden frame hotel, and replaced it with a new two-story structure that was made of brick. The new hotel could easily accommodate 100 to 150 guests. As a hotel operator, Charley made many friends, including Wyatt Earp. When Wyatt was arrested for the gunfight that took place behind the O.K. Corral in 1881, Charley put up $2,000 toward Wyatt's bail. Carl Bilicke, also a friend of Wyatt's, added $1,000 to the bail.

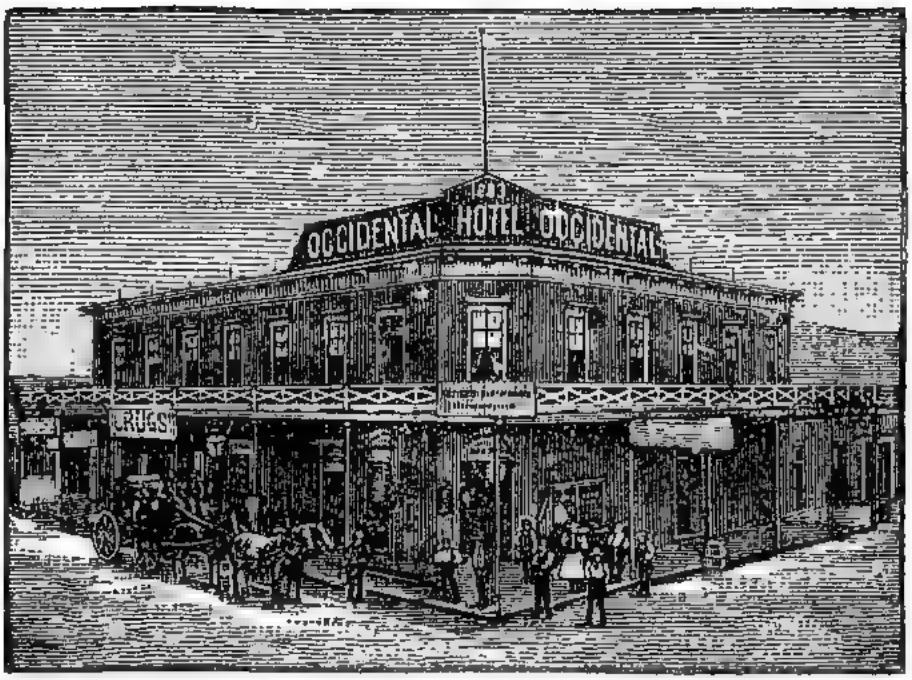
The Bilickes made additional improvements to the Cosmo-politan Hotel in 1880, when they added a second story, offering superior accommodations. The most notable improvement to the hotel was a new front veranda adorned with orange trees. The Bilickes showed off their latest improvements by throwing a party. The party was held in the dining room of the hotel, where guests were encouraged to dance to the music of a local band.

The Cosmopolitan also had a ball two months previous that didn't end so pleasantly. It was in front of the Cosmopolitan that Mike Killeen was supposedly murdered by Frank "Buckskin" Leslie. It seems that Mike was a little angry with Frank since he was dating his wife, and Leslie had her on his arm at the dance. Words flew and the bullets shortly followed, leaving Killeen dead. Frank was never convicted of murder and went on to marry Mike's widow.

THE GUEST REGISTER INCLUDED THE NAMES OF IKE, PHIN, AND BILLY CLANTON AND JOHN RINGO...

In September 1880, Mrs. Levnie Holly announced the grand opening of her new hotel, named the Grand. Its location was in the center of the business district, on Allen Street. Upon entering the Grand, guests encountered the front desk office and a reading room. A wide staircase, featuring elegant carpets and massive, black walnut railing, led to the main hall. All the rooms were on the second floor and each cost one dollar per night. At the top of the stairs, the bridal suite was the first room on the right. It occupied half of the front of the hotel and had an adjoining parlor. The parlor floor was covered with a heavy Brussels carpet of the most elegant style and its walls were adorned with rare and costly oil paintings. The room even sported a piano. The parlor furnishings were made of walnut, cushioned with expensive silk.

There were sixteen rooms in the Grand, all of which were furnished with walnut furniture and lavish carpeting. The rooms had wallpaper, beds with spring mattresses, and the most modern toilet stands and fix-



Arizona Historical Society

Tombstone's Occidental Hotel.

tures. Each room also had a window that allowed for ventilation and provided a more comfortable stay.

Mrs. Holly left the Grand Hotel in early 1881, and Mrs. Jessie E. Brown took over management. In July, Mrs. Brown had an addition put on the hotel that included a new upper story, as well as five patented fire escapes. Mrs. Brown traveled to San Francisco to purchase the necessary furniture to furnish her new addition. With these latest improvements and stylish furnishings, it's not surprising that the Grand was patronized by many. Even Tombstone's notorious "cowboys" were impressed with the Grand's accommodations and frequently stayed there. The guest register included the names of Ike, Phin, and Billy Clanton and John Ringo on more than one occasion. Mrs. Brown stayed at the Grand Hotel until her departure in early 1882 to open a hotel in another town.

Archie McBride became the new owner of the Grand and spared no expense to make this truly a "grand" hotel. McBride even went to a furniture manufacturer in St. Louis, Missouri, to personally make his purchases. Mrs. McBride was also involved in the Grand's new look, and while her husband was busying himself with the furnishings, she acquired a large number of window plants. The plants were placed near the upstairs windows. The second-story porch was ornamented with various climbing plants to eliminate the empty spaces between the windows. In preparation for its opening, the McBrides transformed the unoccupied store in the west front of the hotel into a dining room. The newly renovated hotel was beautiful. Its parlor was furnished in red, which was the latest style, and the furniture was decorated to match the bright carpets. Shortly after the McBrides completed their renovations, Archie passed away, leaving his wife to run the hotel alone.

IT WAS IN FRONT OF THE COSMOPOLITAN THAT MIKE KILLEEN WAS SUPPOSEDLY MURDERED BY FRANK "BUCKSKIN" LESLIE.

Most of Tombstone's businesses were doing well until the second great fire in Tombstone's history took place on May 25, 1882. The fire destroyed four blocks in the business district located west of Fifth Street, the side that an 1881 fire had spared. The second conflagration quickly demolished most of Tombstone's largest hotels, including Brown's, the Cosmopolitan, and the Grand, of which none were rebuilt. The Grand's owner, Mrs. McBride, must have been especially devastated by the fire because she had just lost her husband ten days earlier.

While the fire devastated Tombstone, the people did not give up. Just one month after the fire, Tombstone was almost completely rebuilt. It wasn't until 1883, however, that Tombstone would see another hotel like the Cosmopolitan, Brown's, or the Grand.

The Occidental Hotel was opened in 1883 by Joseph Pascholy and Godfried Tribolet at the corner of Fourth and Allen streets. This new hotel was so large that it covered five lots on Allen Street and could easily accommodate 100 guests. Pascholy and Tribolet hired a large staff to run both the hotel and a new first-class restaurant attached to it, appropriately named the Occidental Restaurant.

By the end of the century, Tombstone hardly resembled the lively, sophisticated town that it had once been during the silver boom. Hotels like Brown's, the Cosmopolitan, the Grand, and even the Occidental, would never be seen again.

DETERMINED TO FIND HER HUSBAND'S MURDERER, i SALOONS AND SEEDY HOTELS. HER HUSBAND'S KILLER PATHS CROSSED. THE MAN SOON REALIZED WHAT FEW

THE LADY PAC

For thirteen years, no one knew Elsa Jane Forest was a woman. She cut her hair, dressed, drank, and swore like a man. Her disguise enabled her to work on a Mississippi steamer, then on the railroad. Bit by the gold bug in 1855, Elsa Jane exceeded her other accomplishments by driving a team of mules west to seek her fortune.

To say that Elsa Jane was not a typical Victorian woman is an understatement.

According to society's standards, she should have been home baking bread, knitting socks, and having babies. And she would have been, if fate hadn't intervened.

Born around 1830, Elsa was the born-out-of-wedlock daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter. In her memoirs, she admits being a precocious girl. At age twelve, she ran away from a parochial boarding school to marry a riverboat pilot named Forest. They moved to Saint Louis, Mis-souri, where Elsa gave birth to two children. After that, her life settled into what she calls, "quiet, uninterrupted beauty."

Then tragedy struck.

Still almost a child herself, Elsa became a widow at sixteen. Forest had been shot and killed by a man named Jamieson, his first mate. Elsa's memoirs reveal her shock and the "keen agony that possessed her soul" during the funeral and subsequent mourning period.

Forest left her penniless, and Elsa had no relatives she could turn to for help. She pawned everything she could—jewelry, dresses, furniture. The money didn't last long. Elsa's troubles mounted when her husband's killer was tried in court, convicted, and then set free on a technicality.

Elsa became obsessed with the idea of finding Jamieson (she never used his first name in her memoirs), in order to "shoot him down as I would a mad dog." She had to find a way to track him, and she needed an income to provide for her children. It was a tall order for a little woman

After placing her young son and daughter with the Sisters of Charity in St. Louis, Elsa bought a revolver, donned male clothing, and "buried her sex in her heart." Because of her small frame and slender figure, everyone believed she was a young man. Thus began her incredible odyssey.

Around 1850, Elsa worked as a cabin boy on a Mississippi steamboat, then as a brakeman on the Central Illinois Railroad in 1854. Her disguise worked; no one discovered her secret.

Determined to find Forest's murderer, she roamed the docks every night, haunting smoke-filled saloons and seedy hotels. But Jamieson continued to elude her. Eventually, she heard he'd gone to Texas.

Elsa remained undaunted. She believed she was justified in seeking revenge. In her heart, she knew she'd find her husband's killer again. And she did. About five years later, on one of her evening jaunts in St. Louis, she spied Jamieson engrossed in a poker game. Rage exploded inside her, her fingers itched to draw the pistol and pull the trigger. She wanted to kill him.

But she didn't.

Elsa controlled her temper and followed Jamieson down to the docks. There, in the foggy river shadows, she confronted him. For all of Elsa's target practice, she only managed to shoot him in the arm. In return fire, he blasted her thigh and sprinted into the darkness.

The waterfront suddenly came to life with shouts and footsteps. Elsa knew better than to be around when the authorities arrived. She dragged herself into an alley and hid. Some time later, she awakened in a kindly widow woman's home. The widow sympathized with Elsa and gave her refuge until her shattered leg mended.

When fully recovered, Elsa tried to find work befitting a female. When that failed, she resumed her disguise. It was 1855 and California—the Land of Gold—was jumping with opportunity. Curious about all the hullabaloo, Elsa said a sad farewell to her children, bought an outfit, and joined a sixty-man expedition to California.

The party that departed St. Louis

BY CINDY K. KEEN • ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD IGNARSKI

SA JANE FOREST ROAMED THE WEST'S SMOKE-FILLED ONTINUED TO ELUDE HER UNTIL, EVENTUALLY, THEIR IEW ABOUT ELSA JANE...

KED A PISTOL

boasted a six-mule team, fifty oxen, ten cows, fifteen saddle horses, and mules. Among the passengers were a doctor, a carpenter, and a blacksmith. The rest of the party were miners, farmers, and three upper class civilians with black servants.

Filled with grim resolve to provide for her children and continue her hunt for Jamieson, Elsa began her cross-country odyssey. She stood watch in miserable downpours hoping Indians would obey government agents and stay clear of the immigration route. She constantly worried someone in that raucous crew may discover her true sex. But they never did.

Her party followed the Oregon Trail. On May 31, they reached Fort Phil Kearney, a central hub where thousands of immigrants began their trek westward. Miles of prairie stretched before them, strewn with cast-off plows, trunks, straw beds, and other articles too heavy to haul farther.

In June they crossed the North Fork of the Platte River. The most noteworthy event was their encounter with a tribe of Indians who demanded presents in exchange for the travelers' safe passage. The plains beyond Cedar Bluffs were so overrun with hunters, game became scarce.

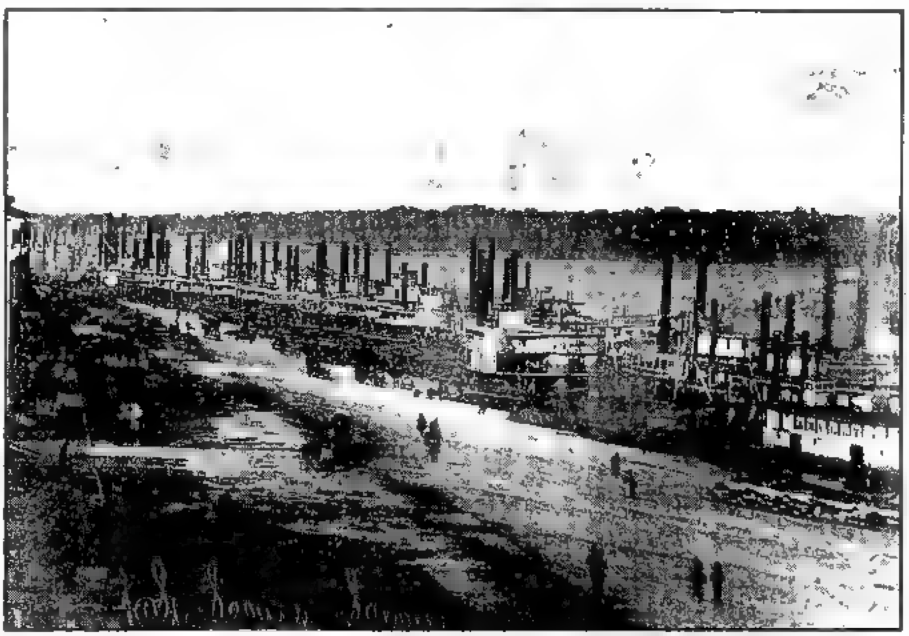
A wagon broke down somewhere in Nebraska Territory and the party left it. Elsa's group camped near Court House Rock one night, then traveled past Chimney Rock the next day. At Fort Laramie everyone restocked their flagging supplies. At the end of June they reached the Sweet Water River near Independence Rock. Elsa says she added her name to the others carved in the gray stone.

The Wind River Mountains provided them with very cold and snowy conditions for July. The weather warmed considerably when they took the Hastings cutoff and crossed the Utah Territory desert where Elsa saw the Salt Lake, seventy-five miles to the west. After this point, she noted even more intense suffering by the members of her party, drownings at swollen river crossings, cholera, and hunger, to name just a few.

Many immigrants didn't make it. But Elsa did. By the time October brushed the land with vibrant color, she and the other tenacious survivors reached the head of the Feather River in California. Later that month, they entered the lush Sacramento Valley where Elsa immediately purchased mining provisions.

She recalls flour at fifty cents a pound; beef, twenty-five cents; bacon, fifty cents; and pickles, a whopping twenty-five cents each. Even a cheap boarding house cost three dollars a day.

Elsa panned for gold on the Feather River in rain and mud, just long enough to decide the life of a miner wasn't for her. She went to Sacramento and got a job cleaning a saloon for $100 a month. In half a year, she'd saved $500 toward a partnership in the saloon.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

The levee district in St. Louis, Missouri.

Denver Public Library, Western History Department

These miners were typical of those that sought their fortunes on the gold ranges of Colorado.

Eight months later she started a pack mule business and shortly thereafter sold the venture for $2,500. She bought more mules and began hauling goods and provisions into the mountains. She was quite successful, but missed her children after her two-year absence. She went back to St. Louis.

Elsa adored visiting her children, who were around six and eight years old. Unfortunately, by now she also had a bad case of wanderlust. After only a few months, curiosity about her business in California prompted her return—not empty handed, of course. On the return trip she supervised a party of fifteen men, twenty mules and horses, and a large herd of cattle.

This crossing proved more difficult than the first, perhaps because she had more to lose. Alkali waters killed 110 head of her cattle. Her party suffered a night raid by Snake Indians on the Humbolt River, during which they lost more livestock. Along the way Elsa received a bad arm wound.

At last they reached California. Elsa bought a small ranch where she could graze her stock. After hiring hands to manage her operations, she went to Sacramento to look after her mule-packing business. When she felt she'd made enough at that venture, she sold out, did some sight-seeing, then returned to St. Louis $30,000 richer.

Again she went to see her children, who had become healthy eight- and ten-year-olds. As before, she soon chafed from inactivity. After hiring on with the American Fur Company, she went west to trade with the Indians on the North and South Platte rivers.

Gold fever again drifted across the frontier. Elsa couldn't resist. She checked on her children in St. Louis, then took the Santa Fe mail route to the Rockies. In the spring of 1859, she began prospecting for gold in Colorado. She recalls there being only one small log cabin at that time, in the midst of what would later become the boom mining town of Cripple Creek.

Elsa decided sifting through river muck still wasn't for her. After opening a bakery and saloon, she soon had a thriving business. In the fall, she contracted what she called "mountain fever"—a lack of oxygen caused by high altitudes. She sold out, went to Denver City, and eventually bought a place called, "The Mountain Boys Saloon."

Her next stop was Tarryall, Colorado, then Cache Le Poud, where she mined a little more. To her disappointment, she never hit the mother lode. Working the mines and claims on Pike's Peak—smoking, drinking and swearing with the rowdy boys—is where she says she earned the name "Mountain Charley."

Elsa never seemed surprised at how easily she adapted to her masculine role or her talents at business. She believed her difficult childhood gave her a stronger composition than most members of the fairer sex. For more than a decade, she proved herself capable of meeting all challenges. Yet she never forgot what drove her to such callousness.

Her husband's murderer still roamed the countryside a free man. The relentless search for him had never ended and revenge still burned in her heart. She would find him, no matter the cost, even if it killed her.

Driven by bittersweet memories of Forest, she went from one mountain town to another, scouring saloons and hotels—still, no Jamieson. It seemed her efforts would forever prove fruitless, and she often wondered if she should quit. Then her luck changed for the better.

Elsa was riding outside Denver City when Jamieson appeared. She took a moment to make sure her eyes weren't playing tricks on her. Once she was certain, Elsa didn't hesitate. She drew immediately and blasted the man, knocking him from his mule. Fueled by years of pent-up anger, she emptied all six shots into him.

She was about to empty her second revolver into Jamieson when two hunters galloped into the clearing. They stopped her and took Jamieson to a doctor in Denver. In a frenzy of anger, Elsa followed. The doctor said Jamieson had been hit three times, but amazingly enough, the wounds weren't fatal.

As if that wasn't enough to devastate Elsa, Jamieson revealed her true identity and her true sex. He didn't press charges, so at least she didn't wind up behind bars. Nevertheless, her story created a stir in Denver, and she became somewhat of a celebrity. When Jamieson recuperated, he returned to New Orleans but died shortly afterward from yellow fever.

At last, Elsa could end her restless quest. She'd seen justice served, her husband's murderer was dead, even if it wasn't by her own hand. She kept her saloon through the winter of 1859-60 and married her bartender, H.L. Guerin. They sold out in the spring and went to the mountains to open a boarding house. After a run of luck at panning, they returned to St. Joseph, Missouri. Elsa left her children at school in Georgia.

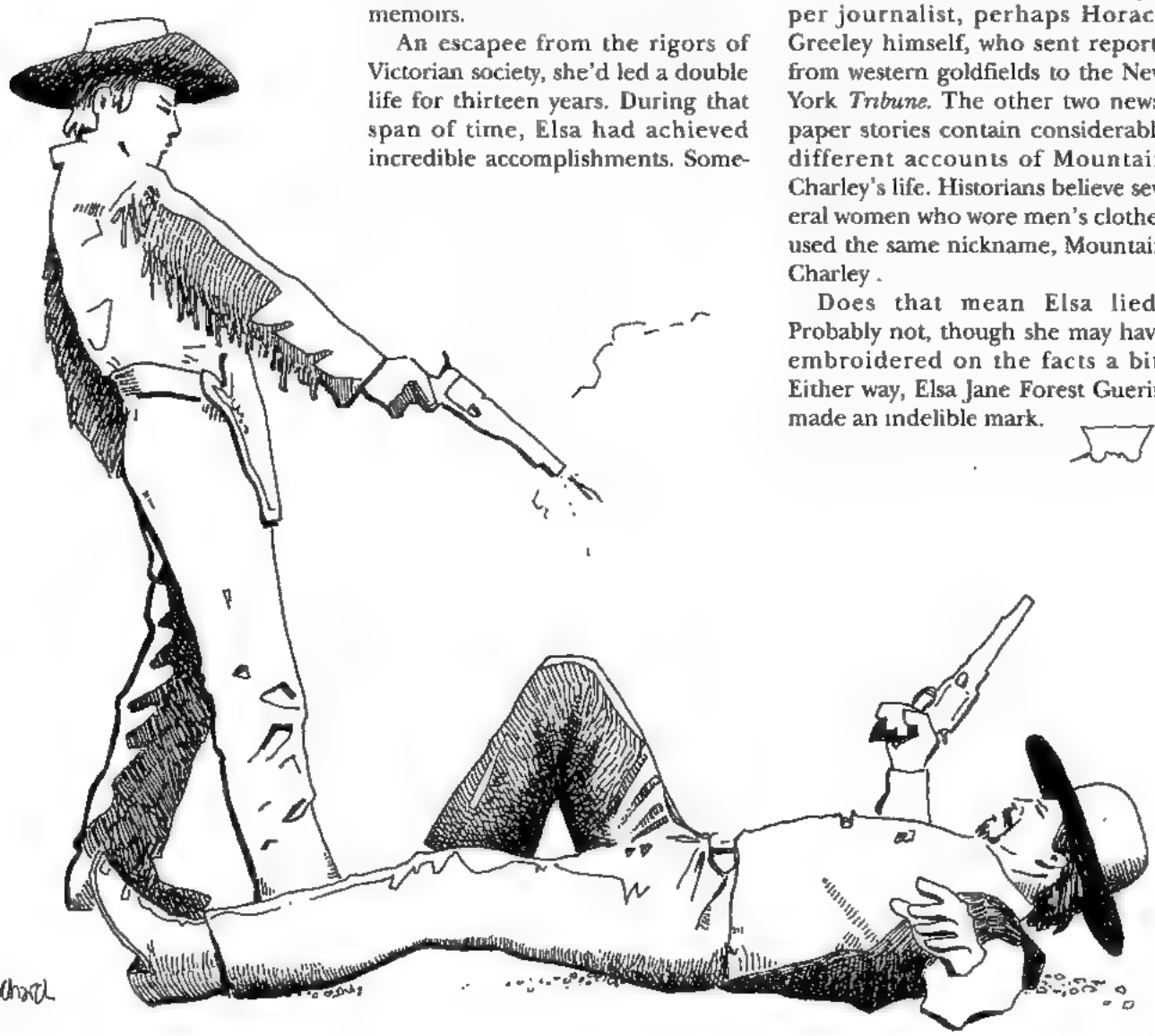
In 1861, when she was around thirty, she decided to publish her memoirs.

An escapee from the rigors of Victorian society, she'd led a double life for thirteen years. During that span of time, Elsa had achieved incredible accomplishments. Sometimes she hated her life, sometimes she loved it. One of the most poignant memories that surfaces in her memoirs, however, is how much she always missed her children.

There are at least three documented newspaper stories highlighting "Mountain Charley" and her exploits. The first was published on September 10, 1859, in Denver's *Rocky Mountain News,* right after Elsa Jane's fateful encounter with Jamieson. The second was in the Leadville, Colorado, *Daily Chronicle* on July 15, 1879. The third and longest story was in the *Colorado Transcript* from Golden, Colorado, with installments that lasted from January through March, 1885.

The story closest in comparison to Elsa's is the one in the *Rocky Mountain News.* It is based on a piece written by an eastern newspaper journalist, perhaps Horace Greeley himself, who sent reports from western goldfields to the New York *Tribune.* The other two newspaper stories contain considerably different accounts of Mountain Charley's life. Historians believe several women who wore men's clothes used the same nickname, Mountain Charley .

Does that mean Elsa lied? Probably not, though she may have embroidered on the facts a bit. Either way, Elsa Jane Forest Guerin made an indelible mark.



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Smallpox probably first came to the New World with Columbus in 1492. The disease soon spread through the Americas as contact between tribes, traders, and those fleeing brought waves of epidemic.

SMALLPOX!

By Sylvia Wittels, MD

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In 1804, Surgeon don Cristoval Larrañaga received his orders from the general commandant of the internal provinces of Mexico to pick up a very unusual cargo. He was to go from his present station in Santa Fe to Chihuahua to learn about smallpox vaccination and to pick up a vaccine. This vaccine would be in the form of a half-dozen children who would serve as human vials of the precious fluid.

The children would be the sons of soldiers or of Spanish residents. One would be inoculated with cowpox, a blistering illness of cattle. Then a blister or vesicle would form at the site of immunization. This bleb of yellow fluid would be guarded like treasured amber. Then after nine or ten days, the next boy would be inoculated from this fluid. In order not to break the human chain, the surgeon would need to make sure that there was no horseplay to break the blisters.

Only six years before, Edward Jenner had published his monograph on vaccinating against the disease of smallpox by using the cowpox. Vaccinating with cowpox had been discovered to be safer than variolation, an older method of inoculating with smallpox itself.

Jenner's work had been greeted with less than wild acclaim. Colleagues warned that he should not voice "such a wild idea if he valued his reputation." But vaccination had caught on, even in the pueblos of the New World. Such a quick and ferocious enthusiasm for this innovative medical technology even preceded full acceptance of the germ theory. This support can only be understood in the context of smallpox, a plague that decimated the Native Americans to an even greater extent than the European settlers.

TheAmerindians were a vulnerable population as they had no prior experience with such a disease. No experience meant no immunity and therefore devastating illness.

Other Old World maladies that were new to the Native Americans included measles, diphtheria, trachoma, whooping cough, chicken pox, bubonic plague, malaria, typhoid fever, cholera, yellow fever, dengue, fever, scarlet fever, amebic dysentery, and influenza.

However, smallpox was easily the worst of all of these diseases. It is estimated that a third to a quarter of all Indians that came into contact with smallpox in the great pandemic of 1519-24 died of it. One historian argues that the numbers of Native Americans dropped from 18 million in 1492 to as few as 350,000 by 1900 in North America. Certainly smallpox was one of the prime causes of this annihilation.

Smallpox probably first came to the New World with Columbus in 1492, and caused the first epidemic in 1518 in Hispaniola in the Caribbean. From there, disease spread

Illustrations by Al Martin Napoletano

through the Americas as contact between tribes, traders, and the fleeing brought waves of epidemic. Smallpox had been to Plymouth Rock before the Pilgrims. The winter before the arrival of the Europeans, Squanto had lost his family to this disease.

Smallpox transformed villages into piles of bones. It left the Native American community too dazed and disorganized to resist the onslaught of the Europeans. And, it changed the very balance between the different tribes, relatively sparing the nomads and decimating the more sedentary.

Smallpox has been called "a disease with seven-league boots." Because of an incubation period of ten to fourteen days, a Native American who is infected but feels healthy, would flee the hell behind him, trying to escape the strange horror, traveling on foot, by canoe or later, on horseback. He would come for refuge to people who could not know of the threat he represented. Days later he would sicken, and then the cycle would start again. New victims would become infected and other survivors would flee.

To many the virus seemed a supernatural message, promoting a meek submission to the European god and conqueror. Both native American and European initially interpreted the greater vulnerability of the Native American in terms of divine will.

Any so-called rational interpretation soon gave way to numb agony as whole populations of innocent victims were cut down. Finally, medical advances exported from Europe provided some effective relief.

The English, the French, and the Americans would all develop their own vaccination program, but in the area of the Southwest in the northern provinces of New Spain, it was a single surgeon who had that job.

Larrañaga followed his orders and in the first winter of 1804 immunized 257 children, first focusing only on the Spanish settlers. In a memo to Santa Fe, he apologized for the small number but noted that he could not immunize those who had succumbed to the epidemics of measles, dysentery, and whooping cough. Among the Spanish settlers only children under six were targeted, for those over six years old were most likely already survivors of smallpox and immune. And of the children under six, less than one-third had not had the smallpox.

For several years, this physician traveled up and down the Rio Grande vaccinating both settlers and Native Americans. Once he threatened to resign, because he had not been paid, but was laconically informed by the Spanish government that that was not an option.

The year 1805 brought the number of those vaccinated to over thirty-six hundred. He was to be paid one "real" for each child, but was to not charge those who could not pay.

He kept the human chain of vaccine viable through 1808 when powdered vaccine was finally made

Benjamin Jesty dealt in cattle and had noted that his milkmaids, previously infected with cowpox, seemed immune to smallpox.

available. This powder was made from desiccated crusts from cowpox blisters and did not work as expected on the first attempt when used in the dry form. Larrañaga wrote, "it did not take nor...show the vaccine eruptions." He was sent some cowpox fluid in crusts and new instructions. The crusts were to be ground in a very clean mortar until a fine powder was produced.

Then a drop of water, enough to transform it into a "flexible dough" that could be introduced with the point of a lancet into the arm of the child. Apparently this did give the same results as the earlier use of the human chain, but mothers were still instructed to guard the crusts on their child, "so as to conserve them with the object of keeping part of them if the chance arise that the pus be exhausted." The preservation of the precious immunization became a community responsibility.

Larrañaga was the second tier of an expedition dispatched by the king of Spain in 1803. King Carlos IV had delegated royal funds after nearly losing his daughter, Maria Luisa, to smallpox. She did not die as expected, and the king attributed her "cure" to some cowpox vaccine he had received as a gift from England. A physician had delivered some threads encrusted with the cowpox virus and Jenner's treatise. In the same year, the official court physician reported that "smallpox was the first and principle cause of the depopulation of America." The king, inspired by the personal and the political, sent the Real Expedición Marítima de la Vacuna to the New World.

This first tier shipped twenty-two children, all orphans, as the human chain for transfer of the vaccine. They survived the four-month transatlantic voyage and initiated the program in the Caribbean under the direction of Francisco Xavier de Balmis. The vaccine eventually reached Chihuahua where Larrañaga then took over for the northern provinces. Spain was losing its hold as a world power and some consider this expedition as one of the "last evidences of greatness in the old Spanish realm."

Before vaccination, there was variolation. This process of deliberate inoculation of smallpox got its name from the Latin word for smallpox, "variolus." This process was observed by Lady Mary Montague in Turkey and impressed her considerably. She was a popular London hostess and friend of the leading intellectuals of Europe. In 1715, she had contracted smallpox to the ruin of her considerable beauty. She survived it however, and traveled with her husband to Turkey. When she returned to London in 1718 she had her children inoculated and lobbied for the universal adoption of the method. She had friends in high places and knew how to use the media; newspapers covered the event in which her little girl was vaccinated. Six convicted criminals were given the choice of the procedure versus the gallows. They decided to further medical science, and convinced others by their example. Interest in the procedure spread rapidly.

However, variolation was not a perfect method. Its effects proved highly unreliable. And a few subjects died, as a direct result of inoculation. It proved far better to vaccinate with cowpox rather than smallpox. This was apparent to Benjamin Jesty, a farmer in Dorset, England. He dealt in cattle and had noted that his milkmaids, previously infected with cowpox, seemed immune to smallpox.

Without the benefit of any patients' rights committees, he decided to inoculate his own children using his wife's knitting needle and material from an infected cow in 1774. The children's vaccine took, and later they proved immune to smallpox. His discovery preceded Jenner's by twenty years. Although history tends to neglect this humble farmer, the Jennerian Society did honor him in 1805.

Edward Jenner, MD, the man most remembered for vaccination, had been variolated when he was a child and had a very bumpy recovery, taking over six weeks. He, too, knew to pay attention to milkmaids. He remembered one such young woman early in his medical training, stating, "I can't take the smallpox for I've had cowpox." The words of folk wisdom made an impression on the physician. She had apparently contracted cowpox by milking a cow in which the udders were blistered with the disease.

On May 14, 1796, Jenner made medical history by taking cowpox exudate from a blister on a milkmaid's palm and vaccinating the arm of eight-year-old James Phibbs with a presumably clean quill. A few days later, there was a local blistering, the sign of the vaccine having "taken." Six weeks later, Jenner inoculated James with material from a patient with active smallpox and James did not become ill.

Two years later, Jenner published his now famous monograph, *An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Variolae Vaccinae*. It represented twenty years of empirical research and described twenty-three cases of lasting immunity to smallpox by vaccination with cowpox. Initially it was met with revulsion. Opponents insisted that those vaccinated would sprout horns and low like cows. Some argued that it was a procedure that simply shouldn't be done since it wasn't mentioned in the Bible. And, the Royal Society of London refused to pay for its publication, so Jenner paid for it out of his pocket. In fact the Royal Society seems to have thought more of Jenner's study of the cuckoo then that of vaccination, as the former got him admitted to the prestigious group.

The long perspective of history would prove vaccination as the true scientific success story. By 1980, smallpox was officially declared eradicated from the planet Earth. It was the first serious human illness to be totally eliminated by vaccination. And in the southwest United States, it all started a little less than two centuries before on the Rio Grande with Surgeon Larrañaga and a cargo of six small boys.

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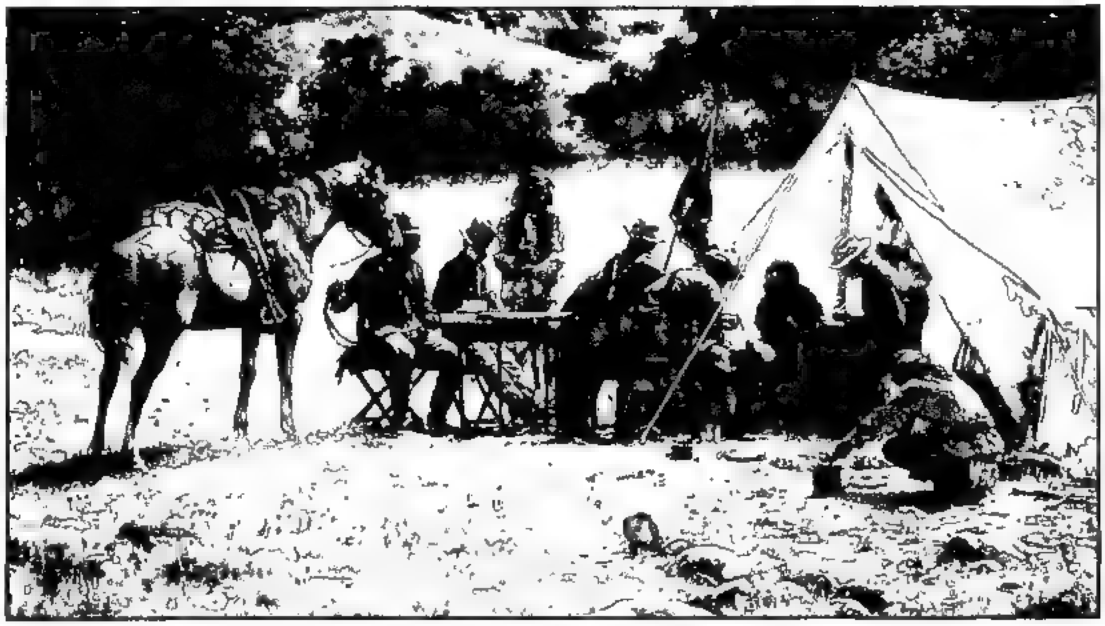

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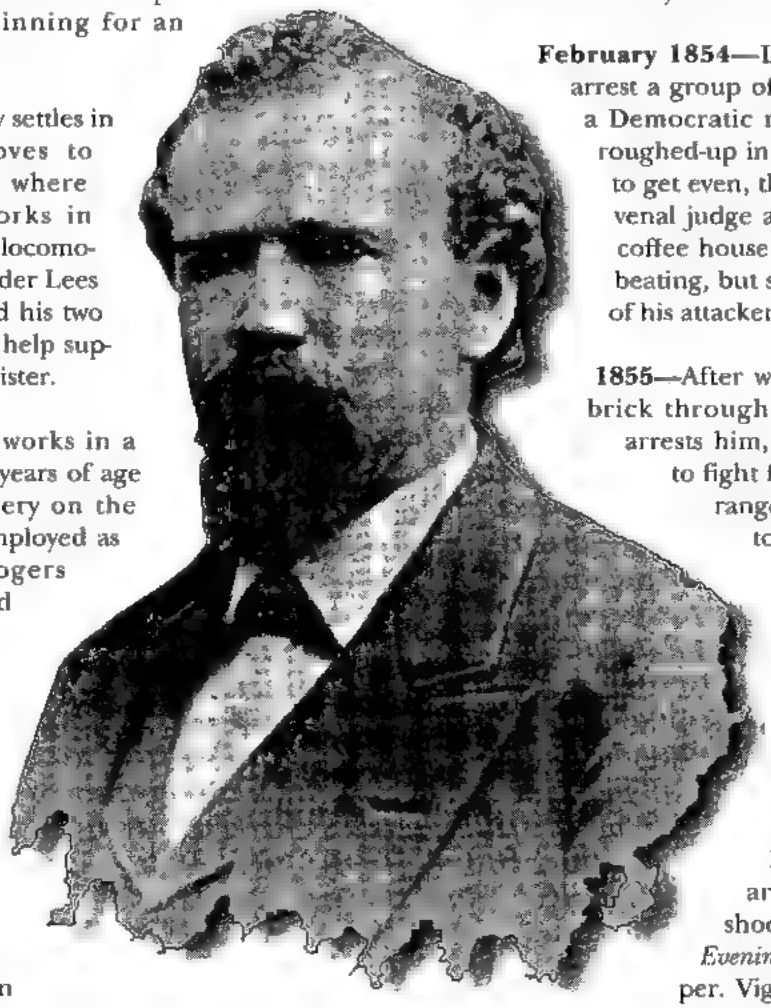
True West Legends

ISAIAH W. LEES

December 25, 1830— Isaiah W. Lees is born on this day in the harbor town of Liverpool, England. His parents decide to emigrate to America, but after their ship collides with a French brig at sea, the captain is forced to return for repairs. It is an exciting beginning for an adventurous life.

1830s—The Lees family settles in New York, then moves to Paterson, New Jersey, where father John Lees works in Rogers and Ketchum's locomotive works. When the elder Lees dies in 1836, Isaiah and his two brothers go to work to help support their mother and sister.

1840s—Young Isaiah works in a cotton mill and at ten years of age sells notions and cutlery on the railroad. Later he is employed as an apprentice at Rogers Locomotive Works, and in 1842 is hired by Samuel Colt to machine and assemble pistols.



1849—Isaiah arrives in California during the Gold Rush on May 3, and mines unsuccessfully on the American River. He returns to San Francisco in the fall, where he is employed in Peter Donahue's first iron foundry in California.

1850-1852—When a murder is committed across from the foundry, Lees and his friends help police track down the clues and witnesses, resulting in the conviction of Jose Forner, the first man legally hanged in California.

October 1853—After a brief stint as a tugboat operator, Lees joins the San Francisco police force. His abilities are quickly recognized and he is made assistant captain, and later appointed detective, initiating a career of nearly half a century.

February 1854—Lees and other officers arrest a group of rioting political thugs at a Democratic rally and are thoroughly roughed-up in the process. Threatening to get even, the thugs are released by a venal judge and Lees is cornered in a coffee house and attacked. He takes a beating, but still manages to arrest two of his attackers.

1855—After witnessing a man throw a brick through a saloon window, Lees arrests him, but is assaulted and has to fight for his life. At point-blank range the man empties his pistol at the officer, but Lees drags the criminal off to jail before seeking a doctor to tend to his wounds. Miraculously, the bullets coursed around a silk undershirt, leaving only welts on Lees' body.

1856—Lees and others arrest Jim Casey after he shoots the editor of the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, a local newspaper. Vigilantes take over the city and exile political thugs, then hang Casey and a gambler named Cora. When Lees successfully arrests and prosecutes an acid throwing criminal, the press compares him to "Officer Bucket of the Detectives" in Charles Dickens' *Bleak House*.

1858— Lees establishes the police force's Rogues Gallery, paying for criminal portraits with his own

BY WILLIAM B. SECREST

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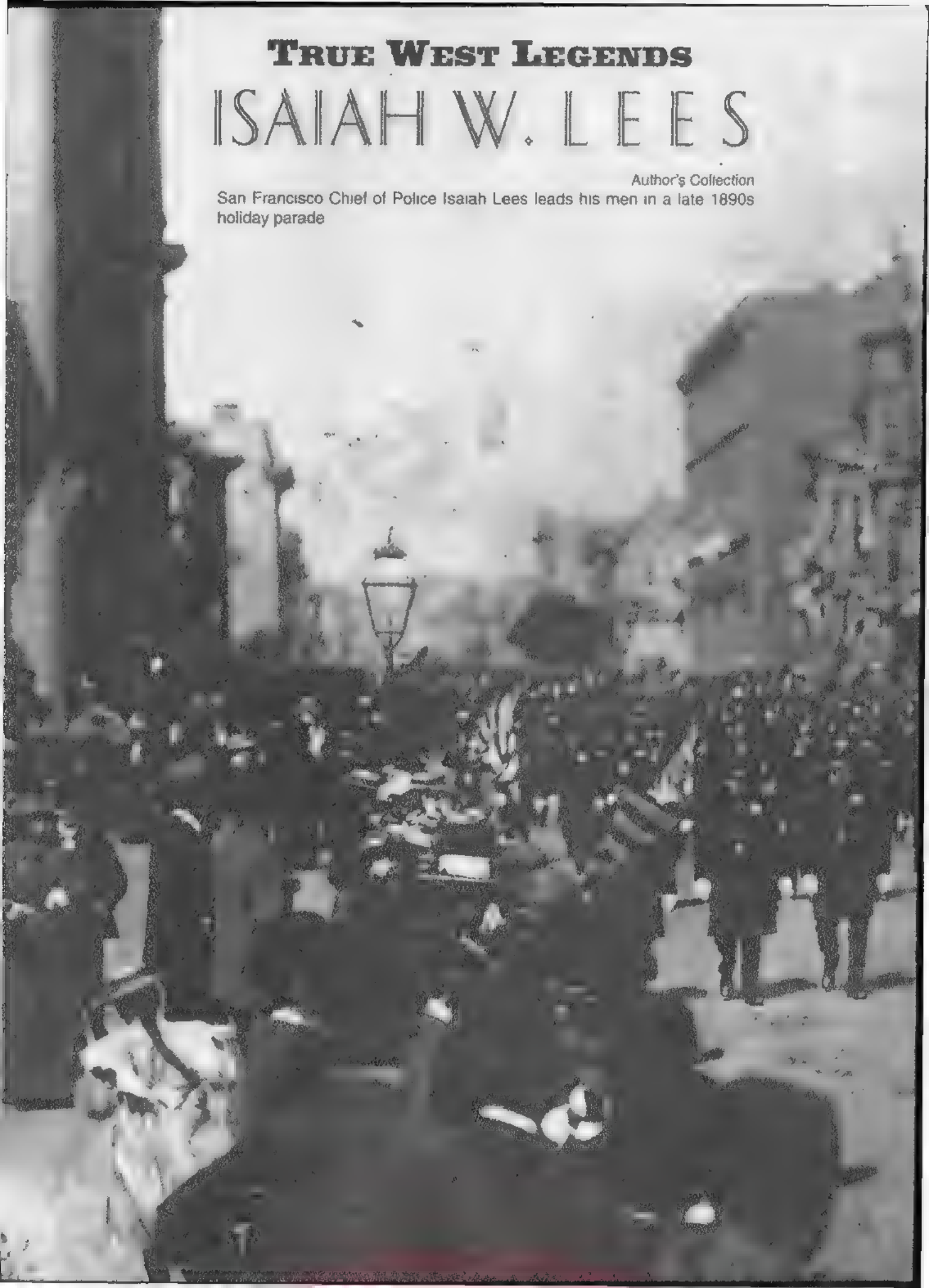
TRUE WEST LEGENDS

ISAIAH W. LEES



Author's Collection

San Francisco Chief of Police Isaiah Lees leads his men in a late 1890s holiday parade

money. He rescues freed slave Archy Lee, whose former owner is trying to flee with him to the South. Piloting a tugboat to Mexico, Lees retrieves a scuttled ship's cargo and splits $5,000 with his comrades.

1861-1863—When a thief flees to New York on board a ship, Lees uses the Pony Express to send word to officers to pick up the felon on his arrival. Lees receives national recognition in 1863 for thwarting a plot by rebel privateers when he boards their ship with police and marines and collects evidence with which to convict them. During this time he is appointed deputy United States marshal for Northern California. In 1863 he arrests the murderers of Lloyd Magruder and holds them for a pursuing lawman.

January 1868—Lees has a desperate fight with highwayman Bill Gregg in a railroad depot, but manages to subdue him. He ultimately sees the criminal convicted.

1871-1872—Lees detains a Spanish army deserter who stole $30,000 in Cuba, then fled to New York and San Francisco. Working with the Spanish ambassador, Lees puts the money in the bank, but is sued by his prisoner. After several trials, Lees brings witnesses from Cuba to help win both the case and a large reward from Pinkertons.

1875—The famous painting "Elaine," by Toby Rosenthal, is stolen from a local art gallery. Lees tracks down the thieves within forty-eight hours and rescues the painting, which is again put on display—with a portrait of Lees beside it.

1878-1881—Lees captures absconding banker Joseph Duncan, father of Isadora Duncan, after several months of non-stop searching. The press sings the praises of the world-famed detective. Lees also captures famous burglar Jimmy Hope and sees him convicted. (Hope was the reason time-locks for safes were invented.)

1882—Isaiah travels to St. Louis, Missouri, with a Wells, Fargo detective to arrest a stage robber, then locates the criminal's partner in Indiana and brings both the men back to California for trial.

1886—After a brutal encounter with burglar William Rees in a jewelry store, Lees arrests the thief with the aid of a bystander. The famed detective is fifty-six years old at this time.

1892—Missouri train robber Marion Hedgepeth is captured after clever detective work by Lees and his men.

1895—When two girls are murdered in a local church, Lees successfully solves the "Crime of the Century." A massive amount of circumstantial evidence results in the hanging of Theodore Durrant for the crimes.

1896—Nevada bank forgers leave San Francisco with $22,000 after changing figures on a $12 check. Even though the gang had been disguised during operation, Lees' carefully constructed descriptions aid the capture. They are caught in Minnesota and New Jersey. All involved are convicted, including Charley Becker, the most notorious forger in the world.

April 1897—Lees becomes chief of police and organizes a modern, scientific police department in the new San Francisco city hall complex.

1899—When a major newspaper tries to install its own man as chief of police, Lees and his allies in the press wage a bitter fight, which they ultimately win. Opposition party city officials fail to reappoint Lees, and he retires to do sporadic investigative work.

1902—Lees dies in December, mourned by his two children and the whole city. He has one of the largest funerals in San Francisco history and is lauded by officials and lawmen around the country. William Pinkerton calls Lees, "the greatest criminal catcher the West ever knew."

WHAT TO READ

Celebrated Criminal Cases of America, by Thomas S. Duke, San Francisco, The James H. Barry Co., 1910.

"A Case of Forgery in Old San Francisco," by William B. Secrest, *True West,* May-June 1976.

"San Francisco's First Detective," by William B. Secrest, *The American West,* September/October 1980.

"The Beast in the Belfry," by William B. Secrest, *True West,* November 1986.

A full-length biography by William B. Secrest is in the final stages of preparation.

WHERE TO GO

The fascinating San Francisco Police Museum in the Civic Auditorium is the result of Officer Bob Fitzer's dedication to local history and is free to the general public. Another "must" for any visitor is the Wells, Fargo History Museum at 420 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, where research materials and artifacts abound.

Little remains of Isaiah Lees' San Francisco, but scattered around the city are old landmarks that can be enjoyed.

A few surviving buildings of the old Barbary Coast can be seen along Pacific Street—from numbers 449 to 551. The Belli Building at 722-728 Montgomery Street is another survivor of the early days. Plaques at the intersection of Market and First streets map out the old, original shoreline, before it was filled-in to provide the property for today's business district.

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THE FIRST TEXANS

by David F. Crosby

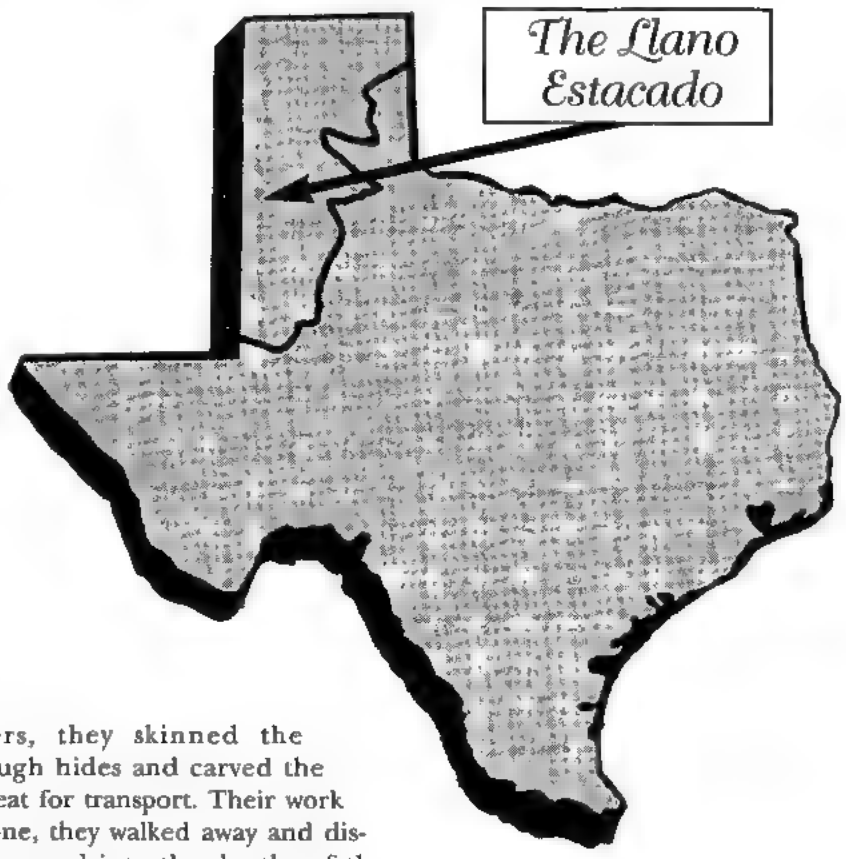
A dry wind whipped across the parched plains of the Llano Estacado—the breath of a killer drought. Since time before man's conception the droughts had done their work. But now man needed—and took—any advantage offered by nature. As five elephants lay in the muddy, shallow bed of a small lake, hunters watched them like dire wolves. Some of the animals were so weak from their trek to the water hole that they lay dying. Several still stood, but barely.

The Columbian elephant stood twelve feet high in his prime and weighed 15,000 pounds. Tusks ten feet long curved up and back into Pleistocene cutlasses. Nothing challenged the Columbian elephant idly— including the Llano Man.

Llano Man was the great elephant killer. A team player, he hunted in groups, and like the wolf, he preferred his quarry weak or disabled. Killing with a flint point mounted on the end of a wood lance or launched for an *atlatl*, it took courage beyond modern man's grasp to kill the beasts that shared his range. The Llano Man always died young. Men rarely lived past nineteen or twenty, and women only a little longer.

The hunters launched their spears against the standing pair of elephants first. No single spear could kill a Columbian elephant, but each drew blood and strength from a weak animal. They pricked and bled the giant beasts, too weak to fight or flee. It was a waiting game, and Llano Man won. The hunters fell on the helpless ones and finished the job.

Using chert choppers and scrappers, they skinned the tough hides and carved the meat for transport. Their work done, they walked away and disappeared into the depths of the Llano Estacado, lost in time and forgotten by history.



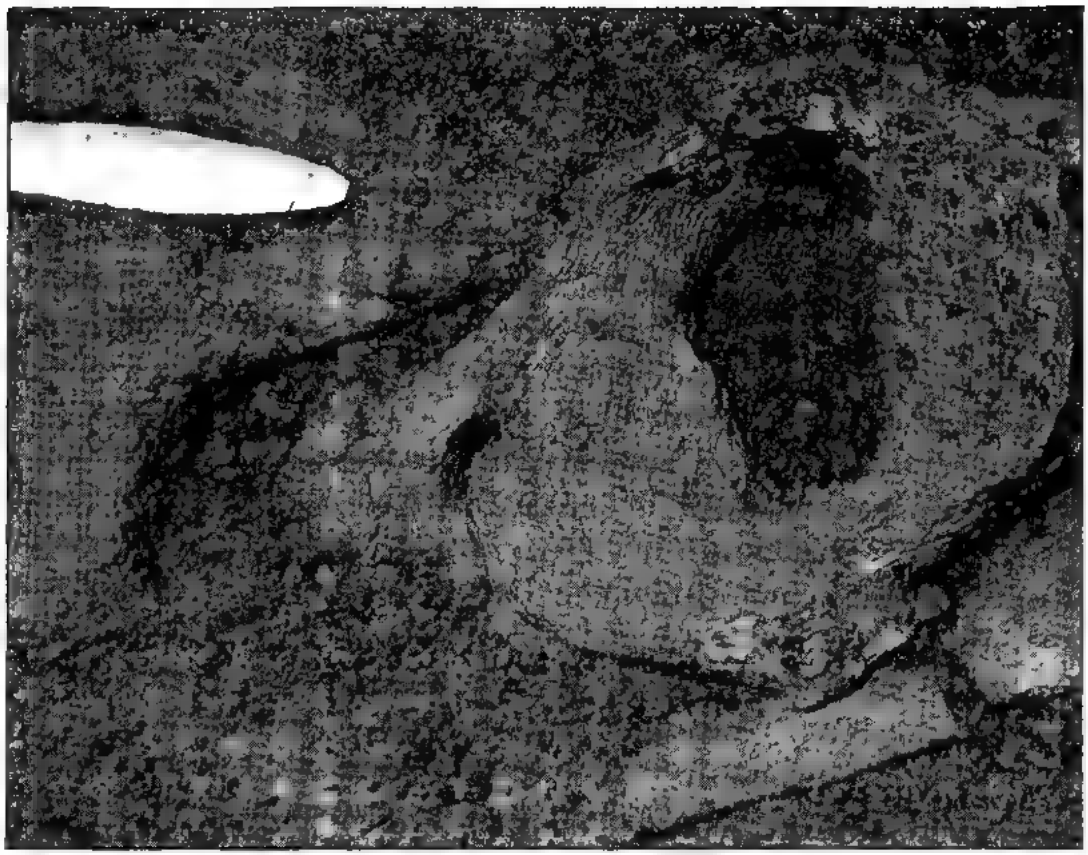
Lost until 1933 when Charles Puckett, a farm hand on the C.R. Cowan Ranch near Miami, Texas, set his plow to cut deeper than normal in an effort to fight the dust bowl. The plow churned up some unusual bone fragments, and knowing that the county judge, J.A. Mead, studied fossils and artifacts as a hobby, Puckett reported his find to the judge.

In December 1934, Judge Mead excavated the site, finding four elephant teeth, two leg bones, several ribs, and just twenty inches from the elephant teeth, a Clovis Fluted spear point. Man had killed this ancient elephant.

Glen L. Evans, a University of Texas archeologist, excavated the site in greater detail in 1937. His studies revealed that the small lake stretched seventy-five feet across and submerged nine feet at its deepest spot. Evans confirmed that elephants had used the small lake as a watering hole and found more bones and spear points and choppers. Geologic studies showed that the elephant bones lay in the lake on a bed of wind deposited soil. Biologists in Africa report that elephants travel to the most reliable

watering spots during droughts, and if they find them dry, will dig in the bed with their tusks to try and get to the water table. It is probable that ancient elephants did the same. At any rate, they perished during a drought, and man had killed several of the animals outright.

His studies complete, Evans buried the excavation site and it became a wheat field once again. Other sites revealed more data about this ancient man, older than Folsom Man, and as the archeologists started to form a picture of who and what he was, they noticed most of his sites lay within the confines of the Llano Estacado. And so Llano Man, the first Texan, became recognized.



Author's photo

A recreation, complete with Clovis Fluted spear point (upper left) is on display at the Texas Memorial Museum in Austin.

When this invading race first crossed into what we now recognize as Texas, no one knows for certain. Some scientists say as long as 37,000 years ago. Others say considerably later.

A long-headed people, with massive teeth and flat leg bones, their skeletal remains tell us they were not Mongoloid, and for Llano Man at least, the Paleo-Indian term is misapplied. Some simply call them Paleo-American and in all probability, the race crossed the land bridge between Asia and America before Mongoloids had evolved there. That invasion would come later, last longer, and permanently populate the continent.

They excelled at hunting and came in pursuit of game and found plenty on the lush, southern plains of the Llano Estacado. The Columbian elephant, the mammoth, the ground sloth, the camel, horse, and ancient bison all roamed the Llano Estacado.

These first Texans lived by and for the hunt. You can see their love for the chase in the craftsmanship of their spear points. Each is a work of art—symmetric to the point of beauty— an enduring symbol of an intelligent, spiritual people. When later Indians found an ancient's spear point, they kept it as a revered object believing it able to heal specific diseases. Archeologists would later give these works of stone a name—the Clovis point.

Like hunter cultures that followed, Llano Man had time in between hunts for leisure activities. How he spent his leisure hours died with him, but carved bone and stone has survived the years to tell us that he attempted art either for pleasure or religion.

He cooked his meat in giant depressions gouged in solid limestone or earthen pits lined with limestone slabs. These crude cooking pots stretched ten to thirty feet across and bowled to a depth of one to four feet.

Killing to feed himself always made Llano Man's existence a precarious one. Hunting to harvest a year-round food supply was his only major undertaking, and he developed crude but effective hunting techniques in a world where even the buffalo grew four to five times larger than today.

Some now accuse him of having been too good at it; theorizing that he hastened the demise of the great animals he hunted and thus sealed his own fate. Others blame a change in climate on the extinction of both. Still others say that Llano Man did not die at all, he just evolved into the later cultures that followed his layer in time. The bottom line is that scientists do not know what happened to Llano Man, only that he existed, and the stratum where his artifacts rest lies below Folsom Man's artifacts. But they do agree on one fact—barring any new discoveries—Llano Man was the first Texan.

Ed Schieffelin's Lost Oregon Gold

By Roy O'Dell & Barbara Hegne

In the winter of 1851, two packers discovered gold in a stream in southern Oregon.

The news spread and hundreds of miners arrived. Canvas tents, lean-tos, and frail shanties lined the hillsides in every direction. By February 1852, every foot of the gulch was staked. The bustling boomtown of Jacksonville was christened and the population soared to 2,000 within a five-mile radius.

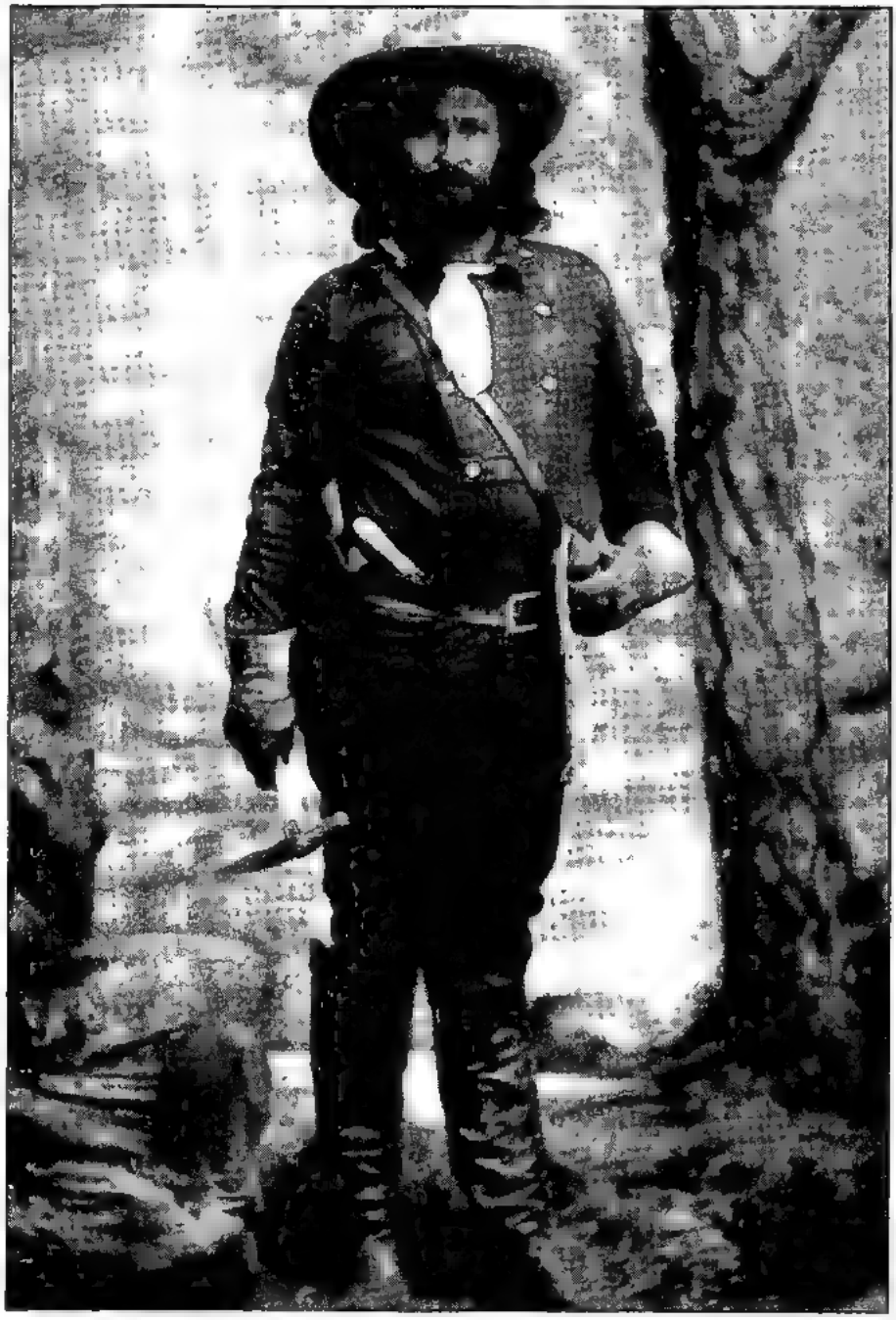
Two miners, Clinton Schieffelin, and his brother-in-law, Joe Walker, left their families in Tioga County, Pennsylvania, and headed for the goldfields of California. They arrived in 1852, but the talk was of the fabulous gold rush in the Rogue Valley and Jacksonville.

The two men came to the Rogue Valley and filed Donation Land Claims about ten miles northwest of Jacksonville, just below Woodville, later named Rogue River.

They no sooner settled then the Indian wars of 1853 intensified. This country was too dangerous for Clinton Schieffelin to send for his wife and children. During the Indian hostilities of 1855, Clinton joined the mounted volunteers under Captain Miles Alcorn. On October 9, 1855, what has been called "the most eventful day in the history of Southern Oregon," the Indians killed twenty people, men, women, and children, up and down the Rogue River. This set off a fierce fight that became known as "Battle of Bloody Springs," "Battle of Hungry Hill," and "Battle in the Grave Creek Hills." Up to fifty Indians were involved in the battle.

All mining stopped and people "forted up" in the larger settlements. The Indians were finally subdued, but not without many deaths on both sides.

After the war, things calmed down and Clinton sent for his wife, Jane, and children, Ed, Al, and Elizabeth.



Southern Oregon Historical Society, #511

Ed Schieffelin in his prospecting clothes.

Ed Schieffelin, born on October 8, 1847, was a nine-year-old school boy when he came to Oregon. The Schieffelin log schoolhouse was established in the 1860s under District 35, and probably sat on the Schieffelin land. Clinton made sure all of his children, including Ed, went to school.

Ed, a natural born miner, fol-

lowed the miners searching the streams near his home. His prospecting hopes ran high as he lived through the times of strikes here and there. Close by, the miners found gold on Foots Creek, Jackson Creek, Galice Creek, Williams Creek, and all around the countryside from the Applegate to the South Umpqua Divide. Ed found just enough gold to get him forever hooked on mining.

In 1866, perhaps because of the pressure of the times, and another new baby to care for, Ed's mother was sent to the asylum at Portland. She left Ed and six brothers and sisters with Clinton. However, by December 1866, she had recovered and returned home.

Clinton Schieffelin had quartz claims in 1862, along with water ditch rights on the Applegate. In 1874 he owned the "White Curtain" or "Green Ledge" on Foots Creek.

The Schieffelin boys, Al and Charles, followed in their father's footsteps, but Ed seemed to have a deeper desire for the rugged life of a miner and he was totally obsessed with the challenge of digging for gold. Even though Ed barely made enough money to feed himself, he never gave up. Ed was still at home in the 1870 census, but departed right after. He traveled the mining fields of Oregon, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado.

In the late 1870s, Ed returned home to the Rogue Valley, ill and broke. In a few weeks he borrowed $100 from his father, and started out on another countryside prospecting adventure that would end up in many disappointments.

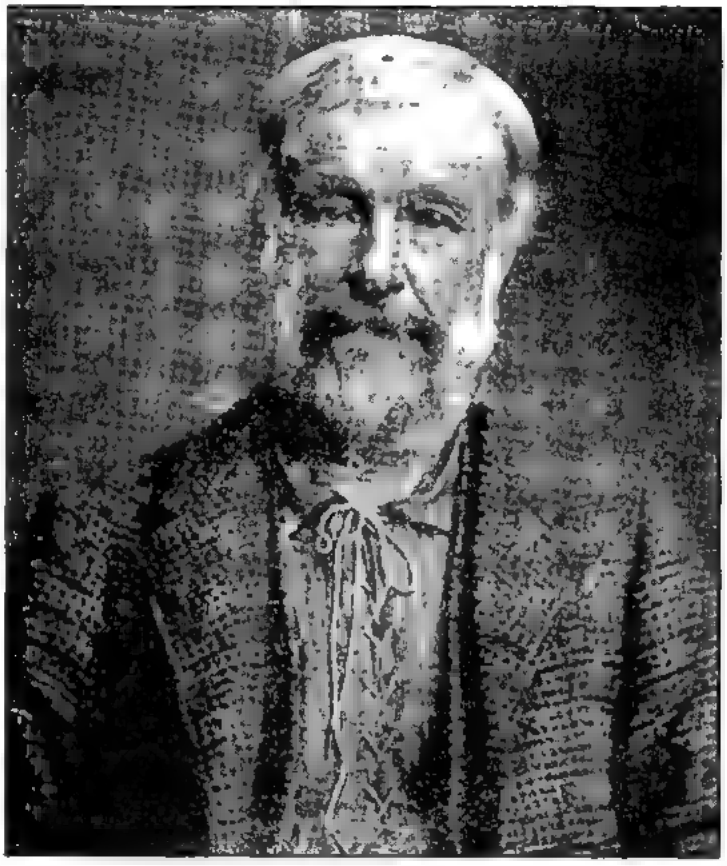
In January 1877, Ed went to Arizona country and trailed along with some Hualapai Indians who had been recruited for Apache scouting. When Ed decided to leave the group and strike out on his own, the soldiers warned him how dangerous it was to be in Apache country. As Ed ignored their warnings they cautioned, "All you'll find out there is your tombstone."

Ed was some thirty miles north of the Mexican border when a geologic formation attracted his attention. He drove his pick into the soft black ore. Scooping back the top earth, he uncovered a streak of almost pure silver. He knew this was a rich strike, and remembering the soldiers' warnings, he named his find Tombstone.

Ed didn't have the money to develop his strike so he went to Signal, Arizona, where his brother, Al, was working in a mine. Ed asked Al to partner up with him and share the riches, but Al knew his brother well, and he wasn't too anxious to quit a good job and take a chance with him. However, when Richard Gird, the mining and mechanical engineer of the Signal Mine, heard of Ed's strike, and saw the ore, he agreed to be a partner. Although Al was reluctant in the beginning, he finally joined them. The three men packed up their gear and headed for Tombstone.

They prospected for several weeks in the vicinity of where Ed had struck his first silver. The first two digs were rich, but shallow, and Al became discouraged. Then, Ed found some ore in what was to be known as the Tough Nut lode, ore that assayed as high as $15,000 a ton. Before long the news of the strike was out. Over night the mining town of Tombstone was born. Along with it came gamblers, prostitutes, dance hall girls, and trigger-happy outlaws.

Back in the Rogue Valley, the news was told in the *Oregon Sentinel,* May 14, 1879, under the heading "Lucky Boys".



Southern Oregon Historical Society #512

Clinton Schieffelin.

> The friends of C. Schieffelin and family will be glad to learn that his three sons have struck it rich in Arizona and are on the high road to prosperity. The eldest, E. L., left here in 1873 and in 1878, after many vicissitudes, having been twice run out of the mountains by Apaches, discovered the Tombstone silver mine, eighty miles south of the San Pedro river, in the Pima District. Taking in with him his brother, A. E. Schieffelin, and a man named Gird, they secured several claims on the ledge, one of which they sold for $7,000. Other claims they have bonded for $1,000,000 and have sold one quarter of their first location on the ledge for a ten-stamp mill, which has just been

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put in running order. 'Effingham,' the youngest of the boys, went down last October, and is a sharer in the fund. [Actually, Effingham was the fourth child born with one sister and three brothers younger than he.]

The boys have sent a large amount of rich specimens to their parents, and their energy and pluck have evidently been well-rewarded.

Effingham returned to the Rogue Valley and was home two weeks when he became ill. His sister, Charlotte, was attending college at Ashland, Oregon, and was called home. A bulletin in the *Ashland Daily Tidings* reported the tragedy on December 12, 1879: "The Telegraph reports that smallpox has broken out at Tombstone, Arizona, the location of the mine owned by the Schieffelin brothers."

If the neighbors were worried, the newspaper may have put them at ease with the following: "...It will be a singular case, if it be smallpox, for the young gentleman had been at home about two weeks when taken sick and it is not known that smallpox exists anywhere within hundreds of miles of Jackson county. It usually requires nine days in which to manifest itself upon a victim."

Then another report followed: "young Schieffelin" had measles, not smallpox. The smallpox scare at Tombstone was put to rest.

In 1880 the Schieffelin brothers sold their two-thirds share for $1,000,000. Gird held on and later got the same amount for his one-third share.

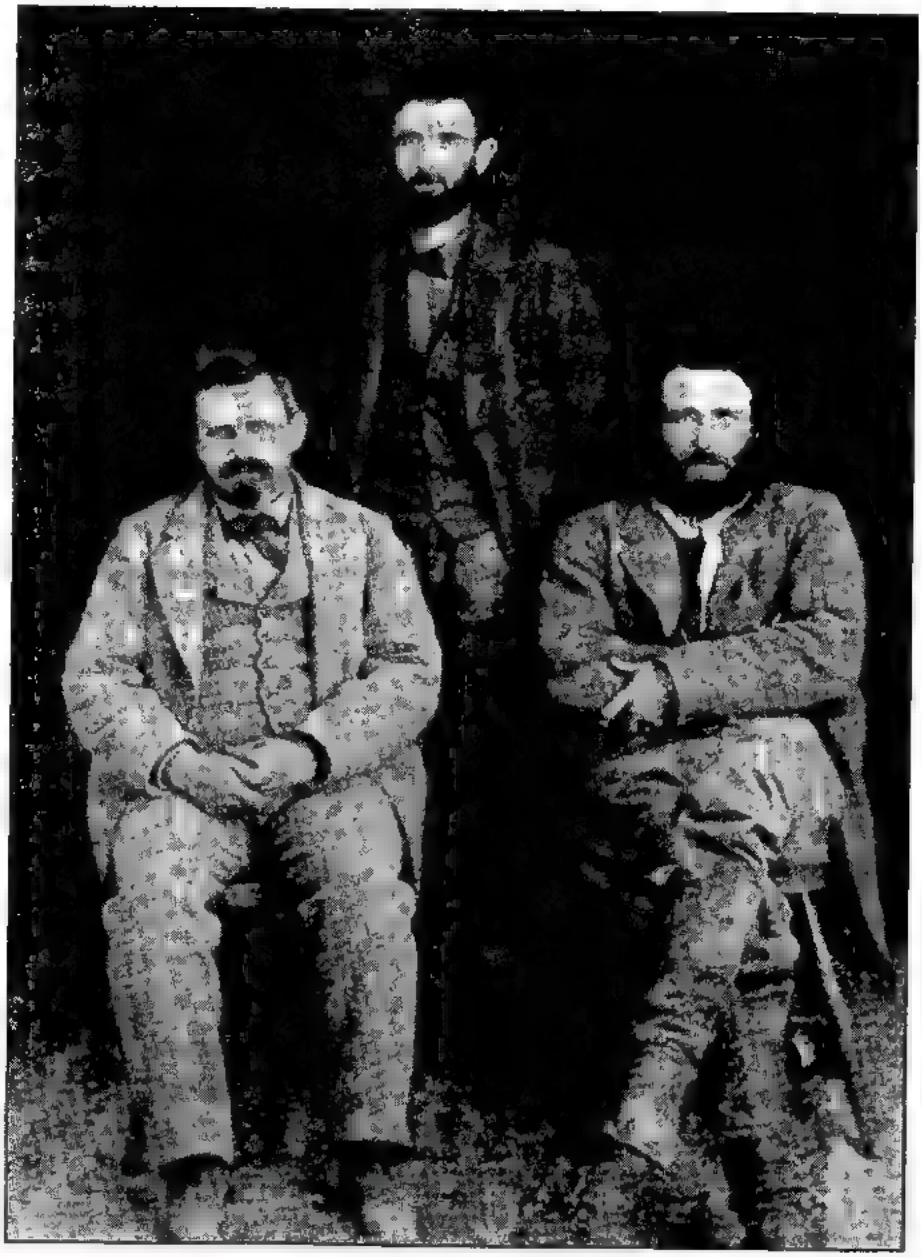
Being rich was great. Ed traveled to New York, Washington, Chicago, and many eastern cities. Ed was generous and easy with his money. In the summer of 1880, he moved his family (all but Charles, who stayed to mine) from their small home on Schieffelin Gulch on the Rogue River, to a fine mansion in Los Angeles, California. However, being wealthy does not guarantee happiness, and in the next few years, tragedy overtook the Schieffelins.

The first of several incidents occurred in 1881, when Ed's fourteen-year-old brother, Theodore, died of diphtheria.

In 1882, Ed, Effingham, and three others made a prospecting trip to Alaska. It was quite an adventure as they purchased a fifteen-ton sternwheeler, which was loaded on a schooner and unloaded about sixty miles from the mouth of the Yukon River. They may have found some gold, but not enough to call the trip successful, and returned the next year. There is a Schieffelin Creek named for Ed in the Yukon River watershed.

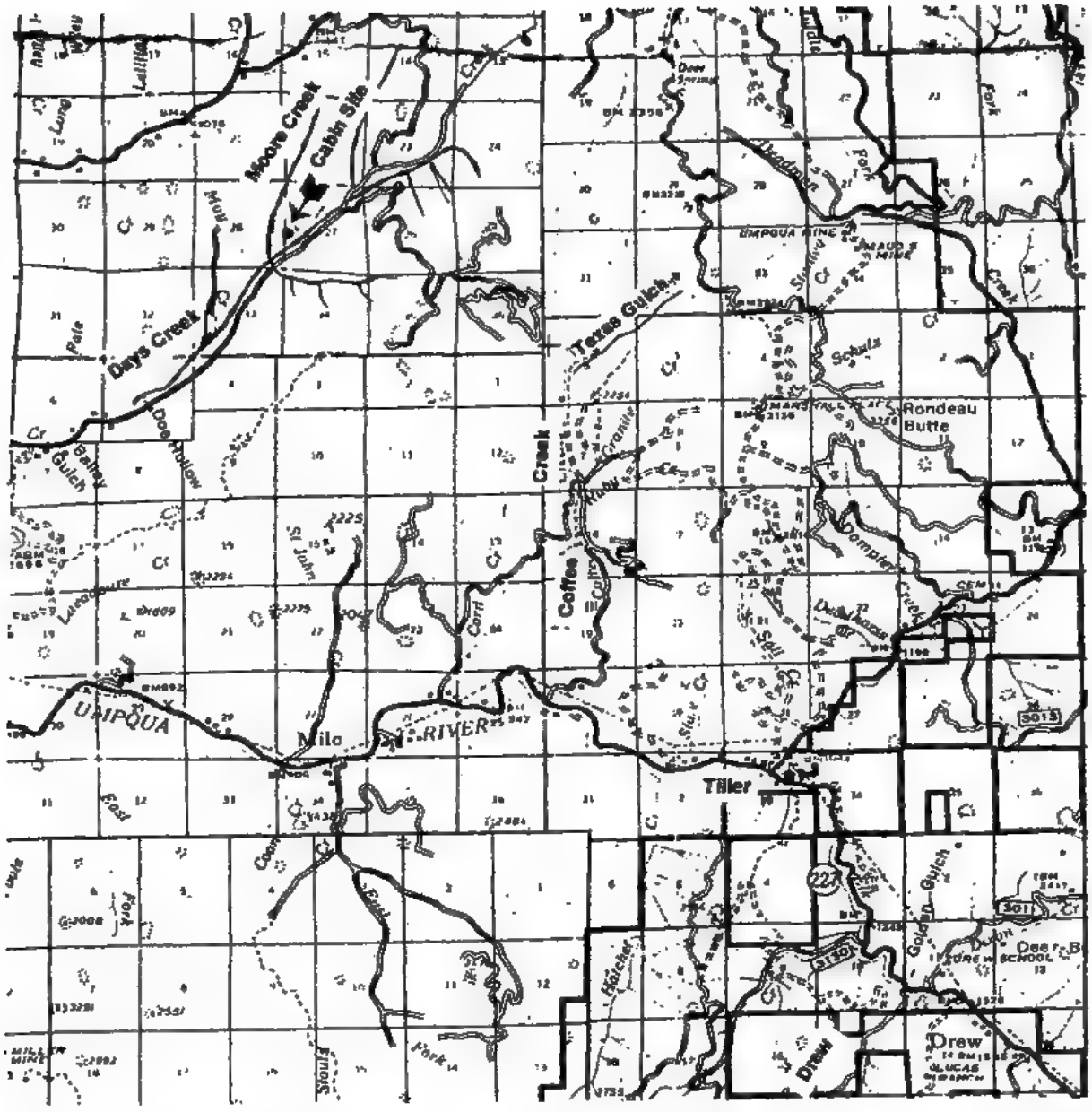
While in San Francisco, Ed met and fell in love with Mary E. Brown. They were married in the fall of 1883. Ed, Mary, and her young daughter by a previous marriage moved to Alameda, California. Ed continued with the high social life.

Ed was a big man, over 200 pounds, with long brown hair and beard, striking blue eyes, and described as "physically perfect." He wore fancy clothes and had a liking for made-to-order, high-top, glossy leather boots. The only piece of jewelry he carried was a $450 watch with tiny bells that chimed the hour, quarter hour, and minute, so he



Southern Oregon Historical Society, #513

(Standing) Al Schieffelin, (sitting, left to right) Richard Gird and Ed Schieffelin.



Courtesy of Barbara Hegne

A map of the area containing Ed Schieffelin's "Lost Red Blanket Mine."

could tell time in the dark.

Ed had just settled into married life and was having a good time spending his money. He even bought a home for his brothers in Cornelius, Oregon. Then, in May 1884, a report came that his father had committed suicide. The *San Francisco Chronicle* quickly made the following correction: "Inquiry into the death of Clinton Schieffelin shot at Los Angeles on the 10th inst. and to show that it was not a case of suicide, but of accidental death. It seems that just prior to his death his wife left him in the room examining his revolver. It is supposed that in some manner it was accidently discharged with fatal effect."

What makes this theory of his family and friends stronger is the fact that there was no possible cause for him to end his life. He enjoyed good health, had no troubles, and had everything to live for.

More tragedy was to come, the next year. In October 1885, Ed's brother, Al, died of consumption. At age fifty-six, Al hadn't had time to spend his riches.

In 1886, Ed made one of his trips east on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, but it was about this time that he felt a need to visit his boyhood home in the Rogue Valley. He took with him his wife Mary, his sister Charlotte, and her husband. They arrived on October 26, 1888.

It may have been this trip back home that stirred Ed to want to put on the garb of a rough-cut miner and set out for another strike.

A couple of years later, Ed came back to the Rogue Valley to mine. In 1892, the Jackson Company mining records show Ed bought two claims from his brother Charles, the "Delusion" and "Phantom." Then in 1893, a mine named "Sunday Morning" was registered under Mary E. Schieffelin s name. In 1895,

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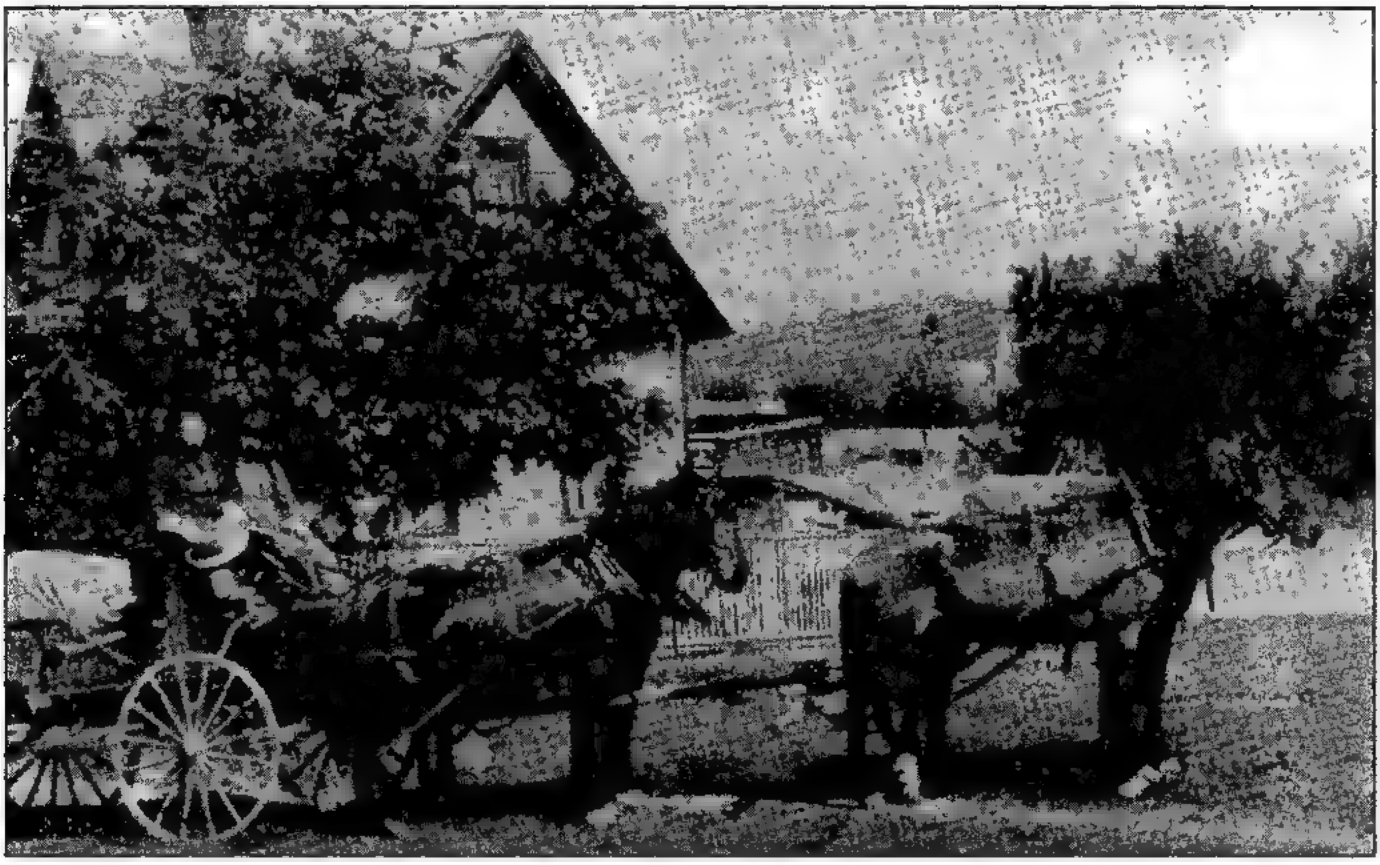


Southern Oregon Historical Society, #513

Ed Schieffelin, seated left, at the Hanna place in Jacksonville, Oregon.

Ed bought an undivided interest in two quartz lodes (one named "Dangerous") and a quartz mill site from his old Foots Creek neighbors, Alex and Jane Orme. Later, Alex became sheriff of Jacksonville.

It was about this time that Ed realized the bright city life had no special meaning for him. He still longed for the life of a miner digging with a pick and shovel and sitting by a campfire in a dry gulch. He needed to find another Tombstone and see the miners stumble over each other in a race for gold.

Ed had a plan. He went to the small town of Woodville, just past the old homeplace on the Rogue River. Ed came back in style, driving a deep blue Thoroughbrace coach with special compartments and leather springs, yellow running gear, and drawn by four matched sorrels. He put his rig on the ferry and crossed the Rogue River to Woodville. Soon a crowd gathered around him, but no one recognized this polished man as the young lad who had lived just across the river and spent his days prospecting

When Ed announced his name and that his family once resided across the river, everyone cheered and wanted to shake his hand. At the front of the crowd, Ed noticed a young man. "What's your name?" Ed asked. "Charlie Warren" was the answer. Ed continued, "Are you a prospector?" When Charlie answered, "Yes," Ed asked him if he would like to work for him, to take care of the horses, cook, and attend to camp duties. Warren jumped at the chance.

The two men left Woodville and embarked on a prospecting quest over the next year that took them to Nevada, California, and up and down the Oregon coast. During this time, in September 1896, Ed went back to Alameda to write his will. Perhaps all the unfortunate deaths in his family and the uncertainty of mining life encouraged him to do so.

Back on the mining quest, Ed and Charlie went to Roseburg, then turned south into the Canyon Creek country. This was the first time Charlie had been near his home in over a year, and he wanted to see his folks. Ed told him to go on to the Rogue Valley and see them.

Ed left his coach and horses with a rancher at the mouth of Days Creek. Then he packed into the woods and pitched camp at the old Moore cabin near the confluence of Day and Moore creeks.

From here Ed had easy access to the nearby streams, tributaries, and gulches in every direction, and he was close to the Coffee Creek area of early profitable gold-mining activity.

Ed wanted to find the mother lode that had carried the gold to the creeks. He made a few trips into Perdue, now Milo, to get his mail, then no one saw him for a while.

Alex Orme, the sheriff of Jacksonville and part owner in a mine with Ed, went to Days Creek to see him. Seeing his blue coach, he stopped to inquire. The rancher said he had not seen Ed for nearly two weeks. Alex went to where Ed had camped and found the miner sprawled out on the floor of the cabin, dead. Samples of ore were

nearby where Ed had been working. On the table was a diary with a new notation, "Struck her rich again, by God."

An inquest was held and the jury buried Ed by the cabin, but later his wife had him moved to Tombstone as he had requested in his will.

The ore samples that Ed had been working on assayed at $2,000 to the ton. He had indeed struck it rich again.

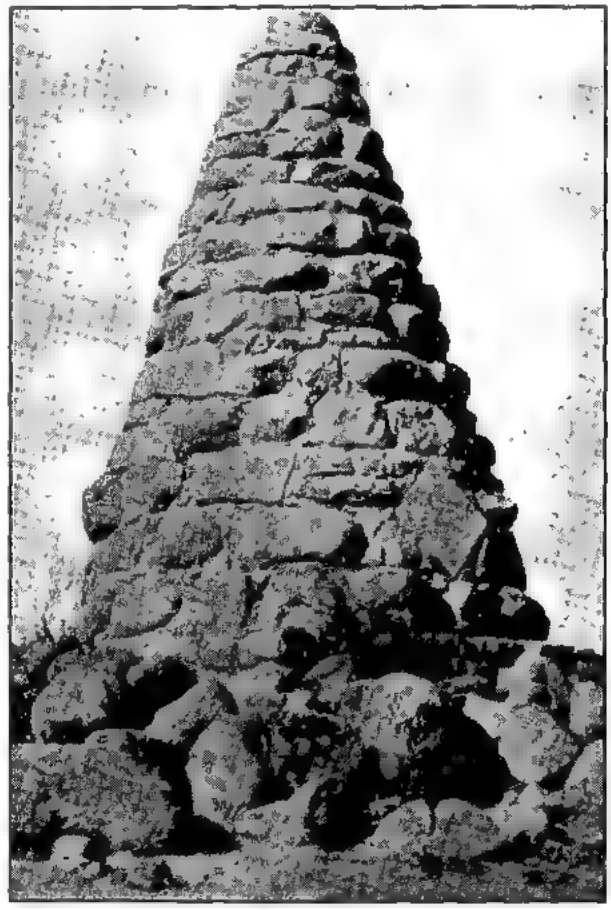
Ed's obituary appeared in the *Ashland Daily Tidings*, May 17, 1897:

> Ed Schieffelin's Lonely Death.
>
> Edward Schieffelin, the well known prospector and one of the original discovers of the famous Tombstone mine in Arizona a number of years ago, was found dead at his cabin about 20 miles east of Canyonville, last Friday. Justice Stock immediately proceeded to the place and held an inquest, the verdict of which was he came to his death from natural causes, presumable heart failure, as no marks of violence appeared on his body. He had on his person $68.75 in coin and a splendid gold watch. He appears to have been dead since last Tuesday. The body was in bad condition and he was buried by the Jury.
>
> Ed Schieffelin was raised on a farm on Rogue River in Jackson county, and his career is one full of romance and adventure rarely experienced.

The official report was that Ed died of a heart attack on May 12, 1897.

When Charley Warren heard the news that Ed had died and been wrapped in a blue blanket, he asked about a red blanket. Alex told him there was only a blue blanket. Charley said Ed probably took the red blanket with him and that whoever found the missing red blanket would also find Ed's big strike.

The few words Ed scribbled in his diary "struck her rich again, by God," and the legend of the lost red blanket set off a mining witch hunt that continues today. The Schieffelin brothers, Charles, Eff, and Jay, searched the hills and gullies for Ed's gold. Ed's wife, Mary, secretly had an agreement with Mr. Moore, the man whose cabin Ed had camped near, to do some prospecting for her. She corresponded with Mrs. Moore and suggested that Mrs. Moore write her in her (Mary's) mother's name to avoid questions and notoriety. Mary also admitted that her husband had told her he was on the right trail for a big find and that his brothers said the ore found at the cabin was very rich. Mary's letter was dated February 15, 1900.



Courtesy of Barbara Hegne

Ed Schieffelin's grave and twenty-five-foot monument, located three miles west of Tombstone, Arizona.

Ed's will was firm concerning where and how he wanted his money and property dispersed and exactly how he wanted to be buried. This last request shows Ed as the man he really was and the way he wanted to be remembered. Part of the will reads:

"I give to my wife, Mary E. Schieffelin, all interests in both real and personal properties, I may die seized of in Alameda and Santa Clara counties, California. Also 15, $1000 University of Arizona bonds. And all other properties I may die seized of, both real and personal wherever the same may be situated, I give to my brother, Jay L. Schieffelin, as trustee.

"I have no children, but should anyone at their own expense, prove to the satisfaction of my executors hereinafter named, to be a child of mine, to each I give the sum of $50.

"It is my wish, if convenient, to be buried, in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me, on top of the granite hills about three miles westerly from the city of Tombstone, Ariz., and a monument such as prospectors build when locating a mining claim, built over my grave, and no other monument or slab erected. And that none of my friends wear crepe. Under no circumstances do I want to be buried in any cemetery or graveyard...."

The search for Ed Schieffelin's lost gold continues, along with the legend of the man who discovered it. Who will find the gold? Is it still hidden in the back hills of Oregon?

Maybe time will tell.

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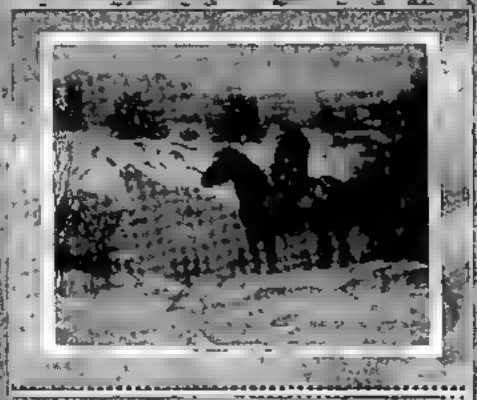

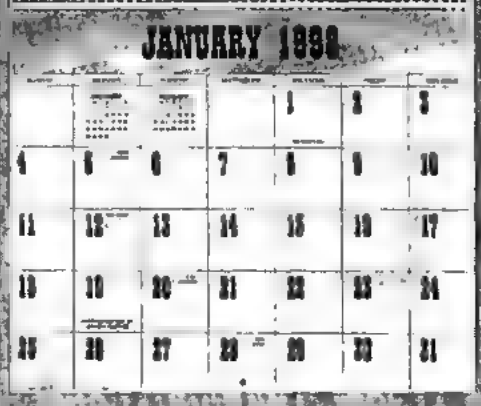

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HIGHGRADE

Nevada County Historical Society
Hard rock miners at work.

By Brad Prowse

Bill Corin was born on January 30, 1908, in Redruth, Cornwall. By the time he was fourteen, Bill was laboring in the Cornwall tin mines. He emigrated to Canada in 1925 and worked in the Hollinger Gold Mine in Timmons, Ontario, before moving to the gold mines of Nevada County, California, sixty miles northeast of Sacramento. Bill mainly worked in the Empire Mine in Grass Valley. He also sang in the Grass Valley Cornish Choir, a nationally broadcast choral group that each year sang Christmas songs from deep within the mines

During World War II, Bill served in the Pacific with the 116th Combat Engineers, specializing in demolitions and explosives. He was sent to Borneo, Australia, the Dutch East Indies, and the Philippines. Then a shell or mortar round—he never found out which—came too close and he ended up in Letterman Hospital in San Francisco. After the war he worked at the Empire, but now on the surface, keeping the pumps going, until the low price of gold and labor strife caused the mines to be shut down around 1956. Eventually they were flooded.

What follows is an interview with Bill that touches on life working in the mines, his own personal experiences and high-grading—the unauthorized removing of almost pure gold specimens from a mine.

Author's Collection

One of the headframes at the Empire mine.

BRAD: You were working in the tin mines of Cornwall at fourteen years of age?

BILL: Yep. Father died when I was three. Silicosis. Had to go to work. Half-days. Rest of day, [I] was in school.

BRAD: Then you immigrated to Canada in 1925 to work the mines there. What brought you to Grass Valley?

BILL: Weather. Was cold workin' in Canada. We was so far north, sometimes we could read a newspaper from the glow a the Northern Lights.

BRAD: What did you do at the Empire?

BILL: Started out as a mucker, the guy what shovels the blasted out ore. Then I got to be a miner, the guy who does the drillin', and finally a timber and powder man.

BRAD: Was it hand drilling? And what kind of powder was used?

BILL: Oh, no. The drills were air powered. And the blastin' was done with dynamite.

BRAD: What did that pay?

BILL: Muckers got $3.00 a day, miners $3.50. Timberman got $4.25 a day. That was for six-day weeks. Sunday was the only day off.

BRAD: Did they pay you in gold?

BILL: We was paid in gold coin before they were all called in. Paper money, after that.

BRAD: What did the miners spend their money on?

BILL: Well, some were married men. Spent their money on family.

Me, I had six wives...

BRAD: Six? Not all at once.

BILL: No, no! One at a time. Four died on me, two divorced me. Last one in 1976. Got three daughters out of it all. But single miners, they spent their money in the bars. Gamblin' in the bawdy houses.

BRAD: Grass Valley had a red light district?

BILL: Sure. Right there on Main Street—right across from the City Hall.

BRAD: How was the ore removed from the mine?

BILL: Machinery lifted it to the surface. used an elevator on a vertical shaft, a skip on one that was on an incline.

BRAD: A skip?

BILL: Yeah. That was like a big bathtub or metal shell. Men were sent down and taken out in the skip. Ore, too. But mules was used to move ore from where it was blasted out to the lifts. Empire did have an electric car at the 3,800-foot level. Rest, all mules. Hoisted down in slings and spent their whole lives underground. When the war come and the mines shut down, we had t' lift them out. Their eyes weren't used to bright sunlight and we had to protect their eyes with covers,

BRAD: How deep were the mines?

BILL: There was lotsa shafts off the main shaft but the Empire dropped to 4,600 feet, then you walked about a mile and another skip dropped you to 6,000 feet. All the same temperature—about 60 degrees.

BRAD: Was it humid? Dry?

BILL: Wet. Muggy. There was lotsa water seepage. Most of us wore gum boots.

BRAD: How big was the working area?

BILL: Some places you had twenty feet overhead. Even big rooms. As you drilled—workin' a

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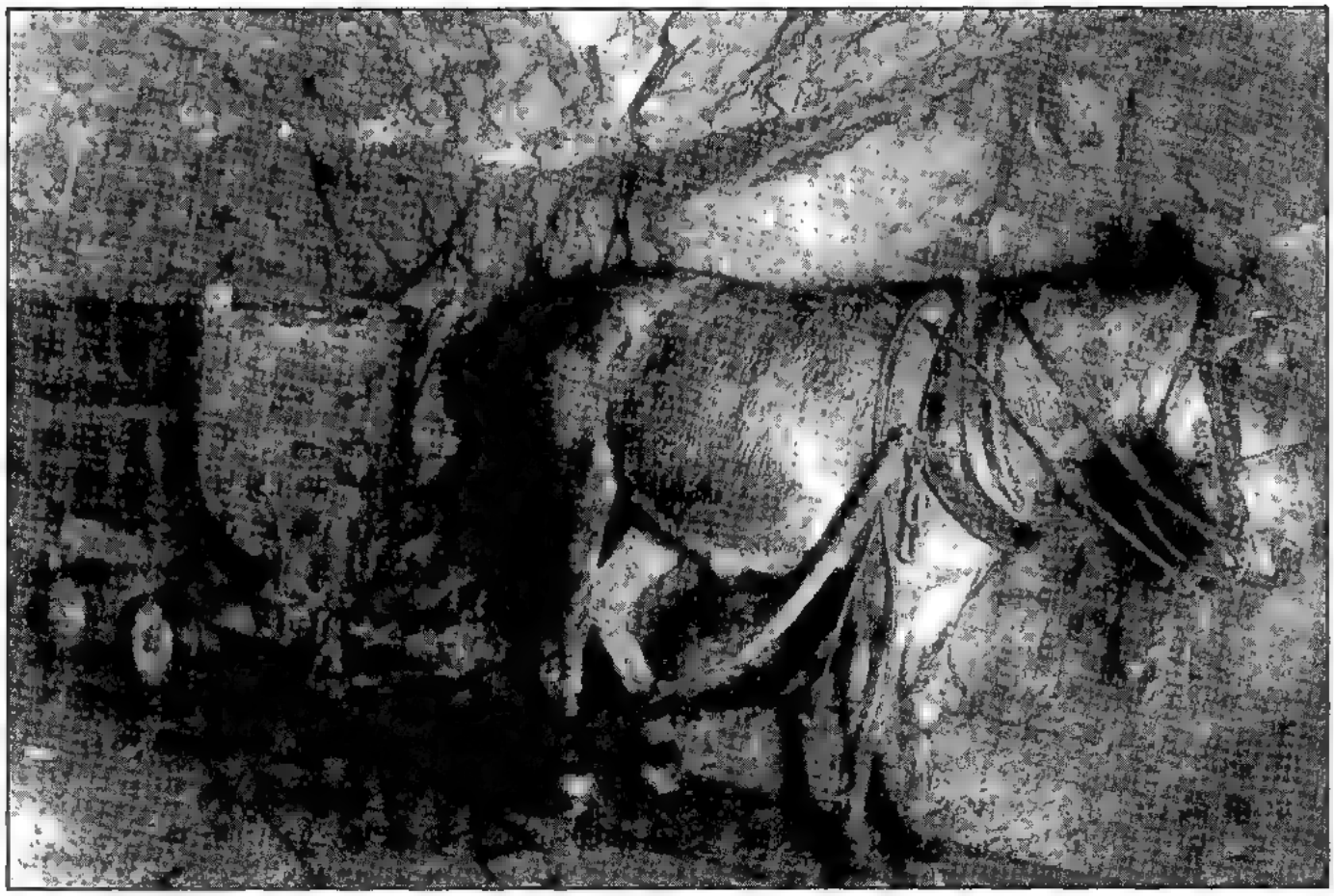

Nevada County Historical Society

A mine mule.

stope—the work area got bigger. Other places, real cramped. Maybe you was in three feet overhead, workin' on your hands and knees or layin' on your side all day long.

BRAD: Was it dangerous?

BILL: Some. Was cave-ins, lung sickness from the dust. Only remember two men gettin' killed, though. Cave-ins. We watched the rats.

BRAD: Rats?

BILL: Yeah. We fed them scraps from our lunches. They could sense danger. Could tell if a timber was startin' to get too much strain or a fault in the rock was gettin' ready to bust loose. If the rats left, we dropped everything, EVERYTHING, and went like a bat outta Hell. Rats were our friends.

BRAD: Where did get your light from?

BILL: We only had carbide lamps. Pitch black if they went out. Still, if they did, we could find our way out. There was a channel for water drainage on the right side of the tunnel, heading toward the shaft. We'd put one foot in the water, the other on a rail and follow it out. Follow the direction the water went. It'd take you to the shaft, even in the dark.

BRAD: How many shifts were there at the Empire?

BILL: Two eight-hour shifts, one goin' from 7:30 AM to 3:30 and then another from 5:00 PM to 1:30 in the mornin.'

BRAD: How did management treat the miners?

BILL: Oh, OK. They were mostly Cornishmen, too.

BRAD: How many miners high-graded?

BILL: All of them—if they got the chance.

BRAD: Why was it called that?

BILL: Only almost pure gold was worth the risk. Man could be fired—even prosecuted—for highgrading.

BRAD: How did the miners get the gold out?

BILL: Well, some carried it out in their lunch pails. If the pails were being checked, a man could swap pails with a man going in as they passed. Some put the specimen in their mouths. Or rolled up in the dirty clothes they took out to wash once a week. Rule was, you never hit a man on the back in case he might choke on a gold specimen. Or knock the bundle of clothes from under his arm. Gold ore might spill out.

BRAD: Is that how you did it?

BILL: No. I came up with somethin' different. I had long, narrow pockets sewed to the front of my shorts, the ones I wore under my work clothes. I'd fill em up and then tie them down with string, so they'd lay flat under my clothes. My wife, she sewed an extra piece of cloth onto the bottom of my undershirt. When I went to change, I could flip this extra cloth over the shorts so the pockets weren't noticed.

BRAD: And you never got caught?

BILL: No, but almost did, once. It was while I was walkin' outta the mine. A string holding down one'a

the pockets busted and the little pocket full a ore stuck almost straight out, but I didn't notice it. My wife, Madeline—I ain't sure now, she was number four or five—was waitin' in the car for me, to drive me home. She says, 'Bill! Can't you wait until you get home for that sort of thing?'

I looked down and saw what she meant. I jumped into the car, afraid one of the mine managers might see.

'It ain't what you think, woman!' I yelled. 'Let's get outta here!'

BRAD: What did the mines do to fight highgrading?

BILL: Shake the lunchbuckets. Watch during clothes changes. Over at the Idaho-Maryland mine, across town, they made the miners take showers. Think they had to stop later. Said it was illegal.

BRAD: Any other ways?

BILL: Fred Knobs, the mine manager, he was a friend a Herbert Hoover. They mined together when they were young men. He watched to see if a miner bought a new car. If the man did, he moved him to a different part of the mine, where it was harder to highgrade. Knobs figured a miner couldn't afford a new car on miner's pay—unless he highgraded.

BRAD: Who bought the highgrade?

BILL: Oh, there were different people around town. Some miners took it down to the valley, to Marysville, where a Chinese fella gave them $15 an ounce for it. Three days' pay.

BRAD: How much could a man get out in one trip?

BILL: Well, depends. Getting an ounce or two at a time was pretty good highgradin'. Kind'a depended where in the mine a man worked. Some places was easier to find and hide gold than others.

BRAD: Do you have any highgraded gold around today?

BILL: Nope. Only gold I got is a little bit in this ring here on my finger. But this gold I bought. Came from the Sixteen-to-One Mine where they're still minin' up in the Sierra around Alleghany. But I sure wish I could get down in the Empire one more time.

BRAD: Why?

BILL: I know where there's a cache of highgrade down there—worth about $8,000.

BRAD: Why can't you get it now?

BILL: It's at the 4,200-foot level. Covered with almost a mile of water. [Sigh] If I could get it, it sure would pay for a nice trip to Cornwall.

After the mines closed in 1956—partly due to labor problems, mostly due to the low price of gold—Bill worked for a local irrigation district and as a handyman. Later he moved back to England to work at the Cadbury Chocolate Company.

Eventually he moved back to the United States and retired. Today he lives in Rough & Ready, California, a little former Gold Rush town about ten miles from the Empire Mine, where Bill spent so many years underground.

Bill Corin today, holding a photo of an entire mine shift at the time he was a miner.

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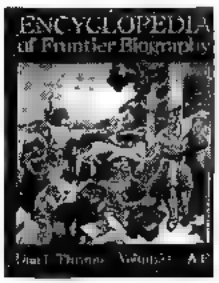

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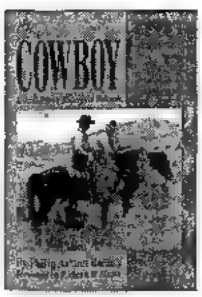

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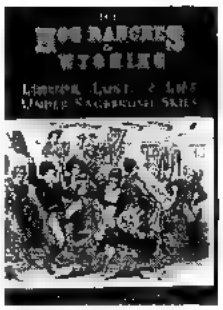

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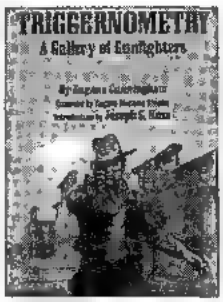

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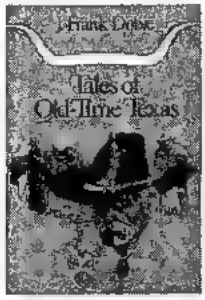

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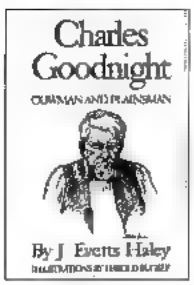

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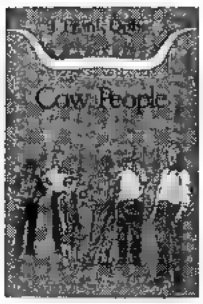

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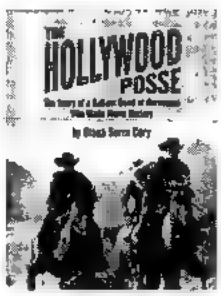

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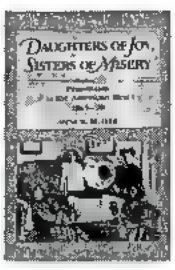

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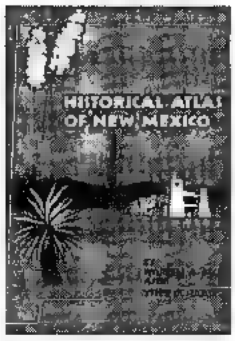

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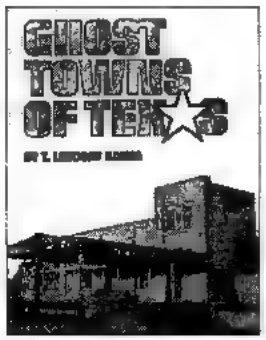

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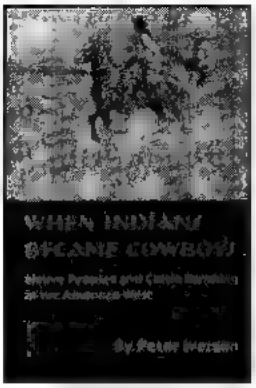

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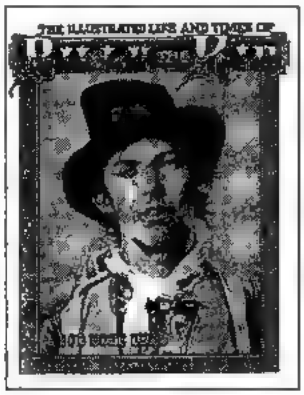

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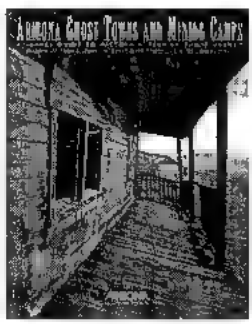

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DECADES OF DEATH IN KANSAS

Deadly Days in Kansas, by Wayne C. Lee. (The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 312 Main Street, Caldwell, Idaho 83605-3299. 130 pages. 78 illustrations. $19.95 Paper.)

Author Wayne C. Lee has had considerable success in publishing books dealing with violence and covering a great time span. Previous works have focused on Nebraska and the Smoky Hill River of Kansas. This latest production focuses on violence in Kansas, from when a segment of Kansas was a part of the Republic of Texas in the 1840s up to an incident in 1932 when a quick-thinking sheriff saved an accused murderer from a lynch mob, but only for a few days.

Through the decades of violence, the reader becomes reacquainted with such familiar names as Wild Bill Hickok, Tom Smith, Wyatt Earp, Clay Allison, the Benders, the Masterson brothers, as well as less familiar names and actions as the Tippie Gang, the killing of William Comstock, the Meagher-Powell battle, and the death of Sam Pratt. In all, there are sixty-four short chapters focusing on a single personality or a single event in Kansas history.

Lee has a talent for telling a story well and has certainly presented the salient points of Kansas's violent history within the confines of this book. The illustrations are appropriate for each chapter and have been for the most part selected with care. The book is an excellent example of what can be done with a vast amount of material and contributes a worthwhile study for the beginning history buff.

Despite this praise there are a few problems with the book, which seemingly could have been avoided with more diligent research. Perhaps a more critical eye on some sources would have avoided certain problems. First, an incident is related as happening near Manhattan, Kansas, when a gang of ten horse thieves attempted to steal horses from J.B. Hickok. According to the story, Hickok "put up a tremendous fight" (p. 18) and killed nine of the thieves but did not lose the horses. No source for this story is given and Lee states that it is impossible to ascertain how much of the story was truth and how much was not. For a book devoting several chapters to Hickok and to law and order in Kansas cowtowns, it seems unusual that the only book by Hickok authority Joseph G. Rosa listed in the bibliography is *The Gunfighter, Man or Myth?*

Second, we learn that Tom Smith of Abilene was born "in the lower east side of New York City" (p. 36) where he sold newspapers on the street. Frequently he had to fight bullies attempting to steal his money. A fight promoter saw one of the fights and "made him into a professional fighter" (p.36). Perhaps, but anyone but the most casual reader would like to know the origin of this story. With no endnotes it is impossible to determine the source.

A third problem is Lee's apparent acceptance of the Stuart N. Lake version of the Clay Allison and Wyatt Earp "confrontation" in Dodge City. If we believe Lake, Earp

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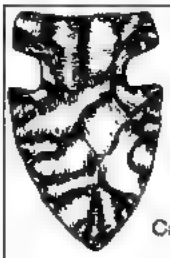
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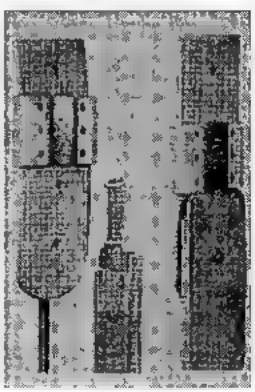
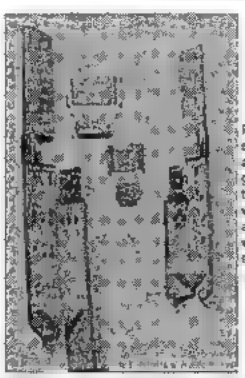
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forced Allison to leave Dodge without even drawing his pistol. But no serious historian still accepts Lake's version of this Earp-Allison confrontation. Appar-ently author Lee accepts it at face value.

Although nearly all of the illustrations are high resolution photographs, there are two which need comment. The illustration identified as John Wesley Hardin (p. 39) is actually his brother Joe, an error which originated in the true first edition of Hardin's *Life* (1896). Second, the photograph of Clay Allison (p. 64) is the badly retouched version from the N.H. Rose Collection, so poorly done it should not be reproduced in any respectable work.

All in all the book is an enjoyable read for the western history buff who does not demand detailed endnotes nor a history showing exhaustive research.—*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

Tales from the Range

Cherokee Outlet Cowboy: Recollections of Laban S. Records, by Laban Samuel Records; edited by Ellen Jayne Maris Wheeler. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. $15.95 Paper.)

Laban Samuel Records was born at Milton, Indiana, on July 8, 1856, to Samuel and Lucinda M. Cadwell Records. Here the family lived until 1870 when, due to a combination of factors, Samuel Records moved to Howard County, Kansas. The family arrived in time to witness the cattle boom, a boom in which Laban Records would find an occupation. In 1937 he wrote a manuscript about his life in the cattle industry. He never saw the work published. He died on August 17, 1940. We are fortunate that he had the foresight to chronicle his life.

Records was a typical man of his time, better educated than most, who found the world around him fascinating. During his lifetime he brushed elbows with many well known figures of his day, such as Mike Meagher, a well known lawman of the Kansas cowtowns, Henry Brown and Ben Wheeler whose careers came to a violent end in Medicine Lodge, and cattleman Ike Pryor. Of intrest are his perspective accounts of the Medicine Lodge lynchings, the Talbot "raid" in Caldwell, and the Potts-Franklin Shootout.

The more violent episodes that Records recalls are only a small part of his recollections. Records knew many of the cattlemen of the era, and in his candid and often humorous tales about them, the true wit and humor of the man emerge. His style is simple and straight forward, and through this direct approach to life one relives the reality of the cowboy era. Records was far more than a mere drover. Long before the green lobbies of the modern era, Records was making observations relative to the environment and man's destruction of it. He was a keen observer of life on the plains.

This book is well written. Records recalls his life and observations from his youth through the year 1892. His style, combined with the masterful editing of his granddaughter, make this a treasure to be savored. In it one understands cowboy life as it really was—a far different reality than that provided by the entertainment industry. The editor has provided a chronology of events, and the general reader will find this volume worth more than a single reading.—*Dave Johnson, Zionsville, Indiana.*

Marching to Monterrey

The March to Monterrey: The Diary of Lt. Rankin Dilworth, edited by Lawrence R. Clayton and Joseph E. Chance. (Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Texas, 79968-0633, 119p. $12.00 Paper.)

Doc Sonnichsen's old school has done it again: turned out an excellent contribution to our knowledge of Border history. The Texas Western Press at the University of Texas at El Paso, with volume 102 of its Southwestern Studies series, brings us a day-by-day, on-the-spot

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account of Zachary Taylor's invasion of Mexico in 1846 from Point Isabel, today's Port Isabel. The route of march, plagued by fatigue and sickness, although partly carried out by steamers, was up the Rio Grande from Fort Brown, Brownsville, to Camargo, then overland to the siege of Monterrey.

This is not a stuffy document but a readable, long-lost journal of a young officer. He started his diary as he left Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and it was ended by his death, from a cannon ball, in the bloody battle of Monterrey. The volume is illustrated with first-rate drawings by Will Martin, and the co-editors have added an appendix of historical, geographical and biographical notes so that we can make heads and tails out of the campaign and its personnel. There is also a brief bibliography.

The United States must have set a record for bungling in the war with Mexico. Incompetence—missing wagons and even ammunition—was accompanied by officers' jealousy of each other and interservice rivalry, not only between the Navy and the Army, but between the latter's regulars and volunteers from various states. There are marvelous bits of down-to-earth information on the campaign. For instance, deserters were to be branded on the hips with a "D." (But the orders were not carried out.) Volunteers could not be court-martialed by the Army, for political reasons, so those guilty of crimes were shipped to New Orleans and released. And regimental bands played the Death March so often in feverish Camargo that local mockingbirds picked up the tune.

Well done! —*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

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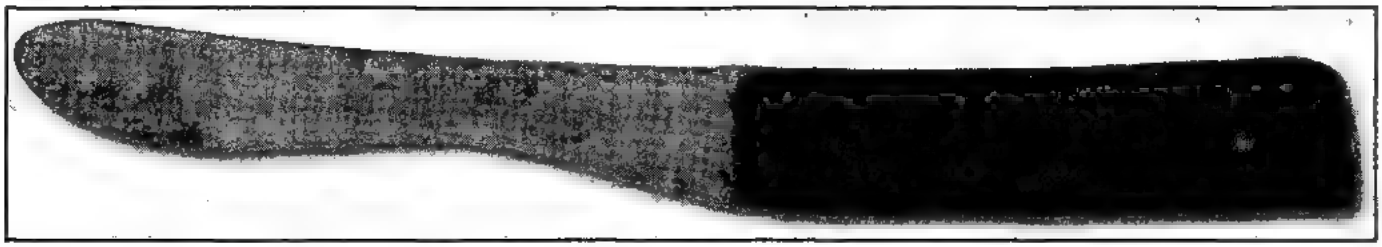

Photo Courtesy of Frederick Nolan

The butcher knife held by William H. Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, when killed by Pat Garrett, July 14, 1881.

In the May 1997 issue of *True West*, I responded to a question dealing with the weapons Billy the Kid may have had in his hands the night he was killed. A reader asked what happened to them, if indeed he was armed Some sources say he carried both a pistol and a knife. Others say only a knife, and still others say he was totally unarmed. I concluded by saying that I believed he was armed but no one knew for sure what happened to those weapons, a knife and a pistol.

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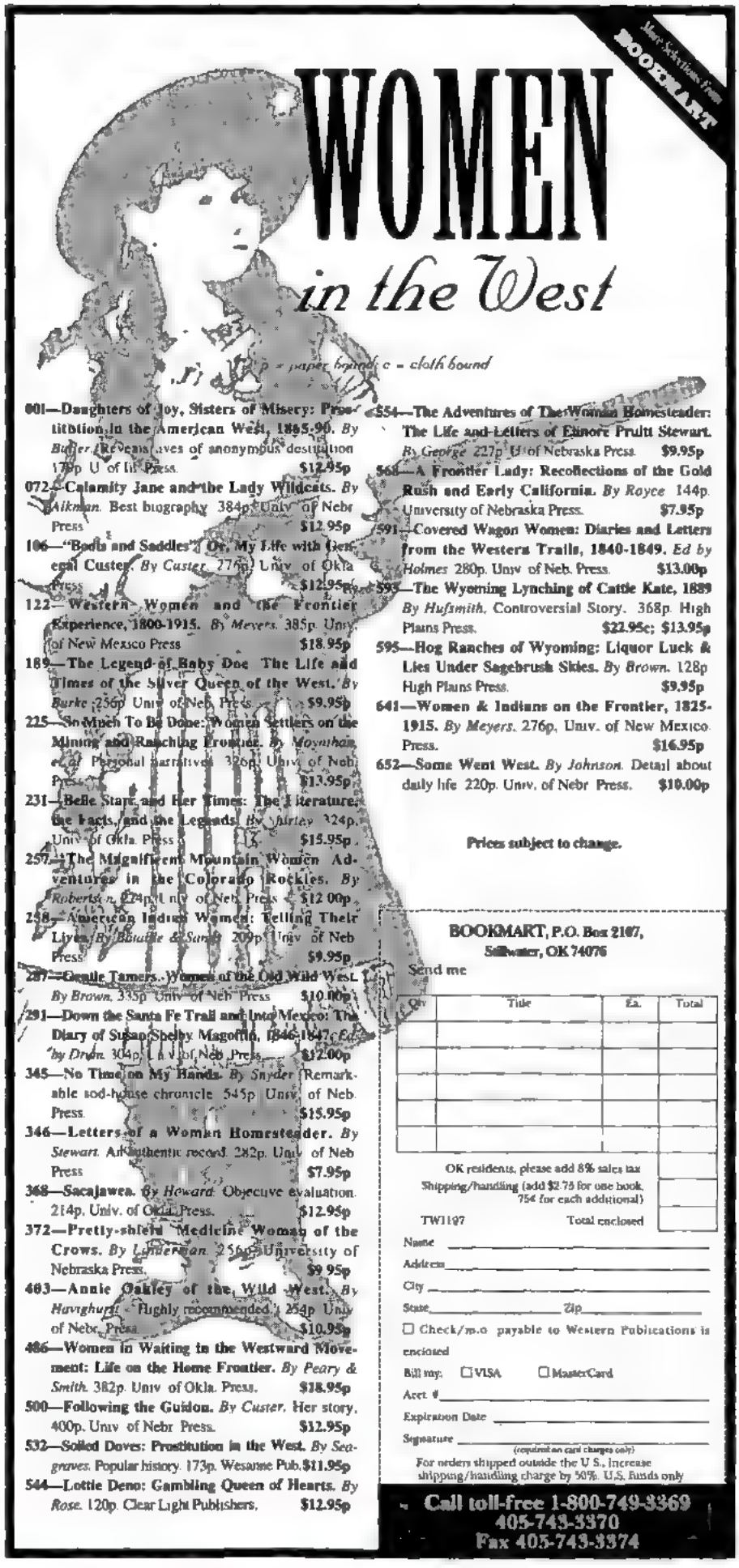
Frederick Nolan, author of *The Lincoln County War: A Documentary History,* and an expert on Billy the Kid. As always, a letter from Fred is a joy to read in itself, filled with precise information about aspects of southwestern history but also sprinkled with touches of humor. (Some day we may publish the collected letters of Frederick Nolan!)

Nolan, whose book, *The West of Billy the Kid,* will be published sometime in 1998, shares a photograph of a butcher knife which the Kid held in his hand the night of July 14, 1881, when a bullet from Pat Garrett's revolver ended his life. It presently is in Nolan's possession and it has "impeccable provenance."

The knife came from the great-granddaughter of Paulita Maxwell, a sweetheart of the Kid, along with notarized affidavits attesting to its authenticity from, *inter alia,* Deluvina Maxwell, a Navajo servant of the Maxwells, and the son of Celsa Gutierrez, another sweetheart of the Kid's.

Celsa's son, Candido, stated that it was his mother's knife and that Billy was staying at her house and picked it up before going out the door to, either simply get a steak off a recently killed beef or to see Paulita Maxwell, or both. With this type of provenance, I can easily accept that this knife is the one Billy the Kid held when he was killed.

Of additional interest is the question, if the knife was preserved through the years why wasn't the pistol—if indeed Billy had one? Or maybe he didn't have a pistol with him...or maybe he left it at the house, figuring there was no danger. Certainly if he had a pistol in his hand when he was killed, Garrett would have picked it up to hold onto for posterity, or to sell later. If he had the business sense of keeping the gun with which he killed the Kid, wouldn't he also have had the savvy to retain the Kid's pistol? After all, he kept the rifle and the pistol taken from gang member Billy Wilson when he was captured at Stinking Spring. Ironically it was the pistol of Billy Wilson with which Garrett used to kill the Kid.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The existence of the knife raises extremely interesting questions. Although we wish we had the answers, if we did the Kid's story wouldn't be nearly so fascinating. We must be patient now and wait for Fred's *West of Billy the Kid* to be published by University of Oklahoma Press.

A final note: The world accepts there is but one authentic photograph of Billy the Kid. And the world knows that Walter Noble Burns made the Kid a household name with his *Saga of Billy the Kid.* But no one seems to be able to provide a photograph of Walter Noble Burns! There is a $100 reward offered for anyone who can provide a genuine photograph of Burns. If you have one, write me for details about collecting the reward. Burns may be more elusive than the Kid in his own "photographic life!"

ANOTHER SHOT AT DOC

"For some years now I have been interested in Doc Holliday and in particular his participation in the incorrectly named 'Gunfight at the OK Corral'...." Thus begins a letter and questions from David Lee, Merseyside, England.

Among other questions, Mr. Lee asks what weapon(s) Holliday used in the gunfight. Some writers have claimed Holliday employed a nickel-plated revolver, while others say he used a Greener shotgun.

Addie Bourland, who was a dressmaker in Tombstone, Arizona, and testified as a witness at the inquest, said she saw Holliday use "a very large pistol," which she described as "dark bronze."

John Behan, Cochise County sheriff, testified that he had seen Holliday with a shotgun just "preceding the difficulty" but did not see him actually fire a shotgun. He instead saw Holliday with a nickel-plated pistol during the fight.

Wyatt Earp stated that he believed Tom McLaury was armed and had fired two shots at the Earp party before Holliday, "who had the shotgun, fired and killed him."

Robert S. Hatch, a saloonkeeper, testified that he saw Holliday use a "bronze pistol. I did not see a nickel-plated pistol during the difficulty."

Virgil Earp, chief of police and deputy United States marshal, testified that *he* originally had the shotgun. He stated he "got it in the Express Office of Wells, Fargo." When he called on his brothers and Holliday to assist in disarming the "cowboys," he noted that Holliday had a large overcoat on. Virgil took Holliday's cane and gave him the shotgun, explaining "I did not want to create any excitement going down the street with a shotgun in my hand."

I think it is safe to say that Holliday had both a shotgun which he used to good advantage in killing Tom McLaury, and also a pistol. Whether the pistol was nickel-plated or bronze is not as important perhaps as the fact that he used the pistol after firing the shotgun. We must keep in mind that those who were most knowledgeable about guns, Wyatt, Virgil, and John Behan, testified that Holliday used a shotgun. Those not familiar with firearms, such as dressmaker Addie Bourland, could not be expected to recognize in an instant whether the "very large pistol" was in truth a handgun or the barrels of a shotgun.

THE DUKE & GREENER

Deborah K. Quaife, who writes to us via the Internet, recalls a John Wayne movie in which reference was made to a "pair of Greeners." What was the reference to?

The Greener was a type of shotgun, part of the production of the W.W. Greener Arms Company, which was founded in 1829, and which still has showrooms and a sales office in London, England. There are single and double-barreled Greeners made, and no doubt in the John Wayne movie the reference was made to the double-barreled version. According to Colonel Charles Askins in *The Shotgunner's Book,* "To dwell on the gun-worthiness of a Greener is a great deal like

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questioning the sturdiness of the Winchester rifle or the Smith and Wessen six-shooter. The Greener is in a class with these immortals."

But then again, we all know that John Wayne had class!

A Question From the Answer Man

Since I never ask for much, I would like to ask readers for help with a question which has been on my mind off and on for many years. We know, from Stuart N. Lake's *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal,* that when the United States declared war on Mexico in the spring of 1846, that Nicolas Earp, Wyatt's father, "sold his farm readily, moved his family into Monmouth [Illinois], and joined a cavalry regiment. He was invalided home from Mexico in 1847."

Earp's commanding officer was Colonel Wyatt Berry Stapp. It was—apparently—because of the high regard in which Nicolas Earp held his commanding officer that he named his son after him.

I would like to know something more about the Wyatt Berry Stapp who had such an influence on Nicolas Earp that a son would be named for him. All I have learned as yet is that Stapp was an officer of United States volunteers during the war with Mexico and he raised a company of volunteers in Illinois. But there must be more in the Mexican War literature. I would appreciate a reader filling me in with information. I will share it with our readers in the future.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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A CENTRAL TEXAS JAGUAR HUNT

BY GAYNE C. YOUNG

Each day's end brought fear and a sense of unease to the small ranching community of Center City, Texas, in the fall of 1903. For weeks, haunting shrieks cut the night's silence, awakening ranchers in the dead hours, long before dawn. Watch dogs barked constantly, either in warning or in fear, at the unidentified noises. Stock began disappearing almost nightly. At first only smaller animals, sheep and goats, but over time the animals got larger. Smaller cows were starting to disappear as well. Of the animal remains that were found, ranchers discovered that they were all slain in the same manner. All agreed that whatever was doing the killing was extremely large and very strong.

One morning a few ranchers, with their watch dogs, came upon a slain cow at the edge of the woods. The dogs began barking feverishly at something unseen. Then a flash of black flew from the ground, almost straight up into the trees, disappearing into the thick foliage.

By the time the story got around town, the unknown and still almost unseen animal had gotten bigger and bigger. People began wondering what it was that had all but taken control of the night. Most of the old timers were convinced that it could only be a mountain lion. But skeptics said that a mountain lion couldn't be that large. And not nearly that strong.

As the story circulated, another slaughtered animal was discovered by ranchers. This time it was a huge longhorn. Although some argued that it appeared the animal could have died from natural causes, most believed that it was killed by the same animal that had been stalking the area for weeks. Fueling that theory was the torn earth surrounding the fallen longhorn that, to some, indicated a violent struggle. Although all involved were uncertain as to what they were dealing with, most did agree that it was time for action.

The call was put out for trail hounds and any man with a gun and

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courage enough to ride after the stock killer. Hunters and their dogs from all over Mills County answered the call, and it wasn't long before the dogs picked up the scent.

Close to dusk on September 3, 1903, Henry Morris, Homer Brown, and John Walton were the first group to locate the scent. Their dogs trailed furiously, leading the men to the edge of a thick stand of oaks. The hunters peered into the curtain of underbrush for signs of the animal, but could only make out a set of glowing eyes peering back at them The dogs charged into the thicket at the concealed animal. The beast let out a blood-curdling scream causing the pack to turn and quickly escape the woods. The hunters edged the dogs back towards the thicket to try to corner the animal and possibly flush him out into the open.

From the very edge of the underbrush, an immense paw latched onto Jack, Homer Brown's beagle-redbone hound, pulling him from the rest of the pack. In a violent blur the animal grabbed the dog in his jaws, crushed his skull, and flung his dead body aside. The rest of the pack continued barking, keeping the animal cornered.

Morris, deciding that they would need heavier ammunition and the help of others, rode off, leaving Brown, Walton, and the dogs to keep the animal at bay. It didn't take long for the others to arrive and see the commotion first hand. Dogs that got close to the edge of the thicket were swiped at. Those that ventured even closer were cut to ribbons by the still totally unseen animal. The night air was filled with the screams of both dogs and men, as well as the sound of men shooting into the darkness, toward the commotion.

Without warning, the cornered animal bolted from its surroundings. Hunters saw a blur of motion with the remaining dogs giving chase. The pack ran the animal up a small Spanish oak, in the middle of a thicket. Brown rode within shooting range and fired his shotgun at the huge animal, hitting it in the hip. The beast fell to the ground and the remaining pack swarmed in on top of the animal. The dogs' barks immediately changed to screams and yelps as the pile of writhing animals exploded. Dogs were slashed open and thrown, some a distance of twenty feet or more to their death. Then, just as suddenly as it had before, the hunted beast broke free from the few remaining dogs and ran into thicker cover.

THE ONLY THING SEPARATING THE MEN FROM THE BEAST WAS ONE OR TWO DOGS AND A FEW SMALL BUSHES.

Old Red, one of Claude Eacott's dogs, badly ripped open across his shoulders and one of the few dogs left alive, hobbled after the beast. The hunters gave chase until the animal was cornered again. The only thing separating the men from the beast was one or two dogs and a few small bushes. One of the hunters decided that he would charge his horse towards the animal and finish him off. He dug his spurs into the frightened horse's sides and charged forward to meet the still unknown animal.

As the mounted horse jumped the small bush, the beast on the other side sprung forward to meet the challenge. The animal caught the horse in the back leg, almost instantly sinking its teeth and claws deep into the meat of the leg. The

IN THE WINTER ISSUE OF OLD WEST:

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The Capture of Henry Starr. ***By Susan Silva.*** A Cherokee Nation outlaw spends what he thinks will be a restful vacation in the Rocky Mountains. Two Colorado Springs policemen have different plans, however, for Henry Starr.

The Weir Watcher. ***By T.L. Coe and Kathryn Griffin.*** The expansion of the railroad causes a need for water in New Mexico, and someone to guard this valuable resource. Anguish Runnels was just the man.

Boom or Bust at Delano. ***By Roy De Palmo.*** A man returns to the Utah mining camp he roamed as a child, only to find a ghost town and abandoned silver mines.

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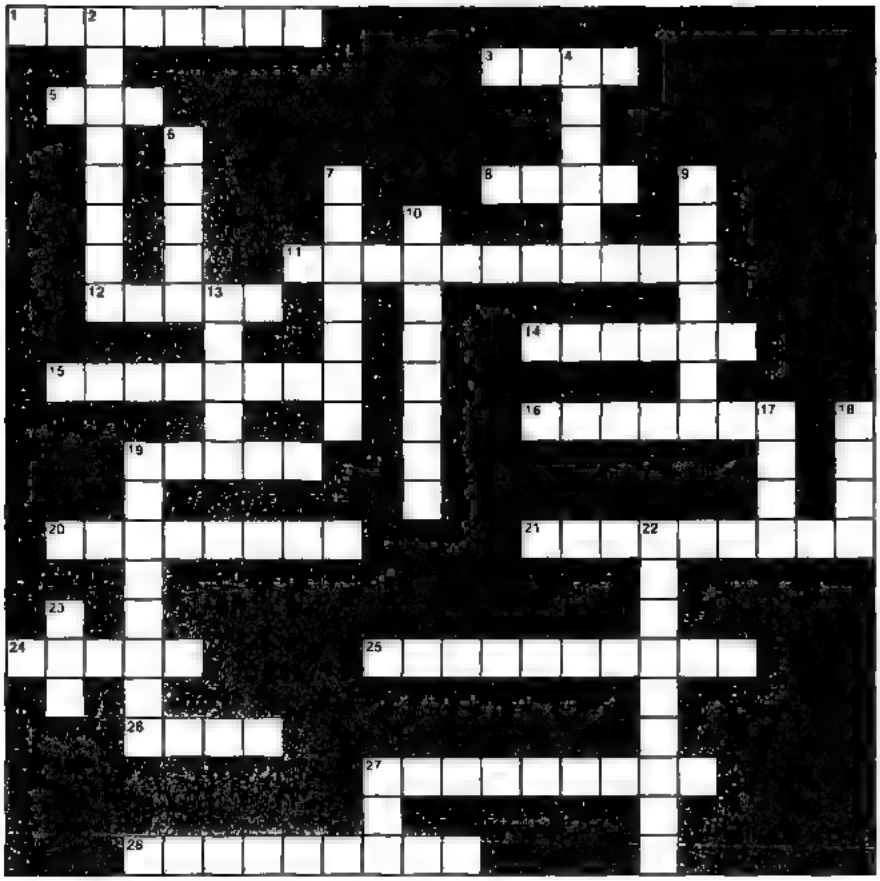

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15. Northwestern term for cowboy
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19. To drag with a rope
20. In charge of the mounts
21. The overnight watchman
24. "Lincoln skins"
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2. Armadillo shell guitar
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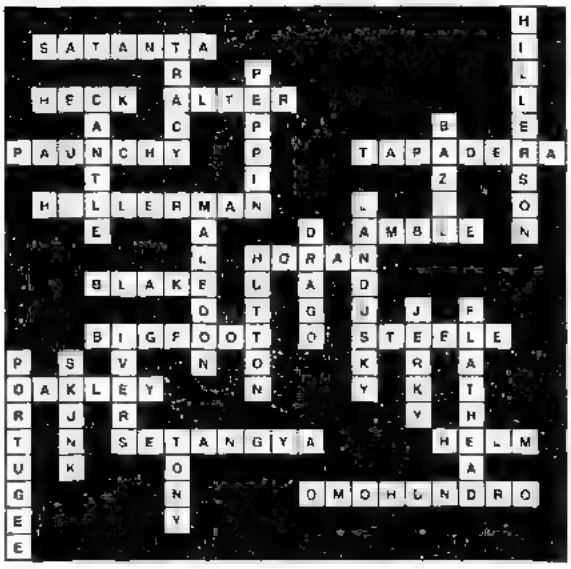

Solution in next month's True West.

Solution to last month's puzzle.

horse collapsed with the rider atop him screaming, "Don't shoot...you might hit me or the horse!"

Eacott, fearing for the trapped hunter's life, dug his spurs into his own horse, charging into the violent exchange. The animal turned loose of the first horse and lunged at Eacott, coming within inches of his head. As the beast hit the ground, Eacott turned and fired another shotgun blast into the animal, who ran free from the commotion, and died.

The hunters collected the beast and took him back to town for all to see. It wasn't until they were back in Center City that the rare animal was identified as a jaguar. The huge male cat weighed in at 152 pounds and had a foreleg that was twenty-one inches around. The huge cat had killed countless stock animals and on the night of the hunt, killed eight dogs and wounded numerous others. Before being mounted and displayed in a museum in Austin, the jaguar was interscored by the Boone and Crockett Club who, to this day, still list it as one of the largest taken in North America.

Even in death the animal remained a mystery. Accounts of the incident vary. One account has the mounted horseman who first charged the jaguar listed as Homer Brown, while another source lists him as Bill Morris. Even the hunters who participated on this last jaguar hunt in Mills County couldn't reach a consensus on who actually killed the animal, although most agree that it was either Claude Eacott or Henry Morris who fired the fatal shot.

The name that appears as the hunter who killed the jaguar in the Boone and Crockett Club is that of a man that all the hunters involved had never heard of. The final note on the story of the last jaguar hunt in Mills County, Texas, ends just as mysteriously as it first began.

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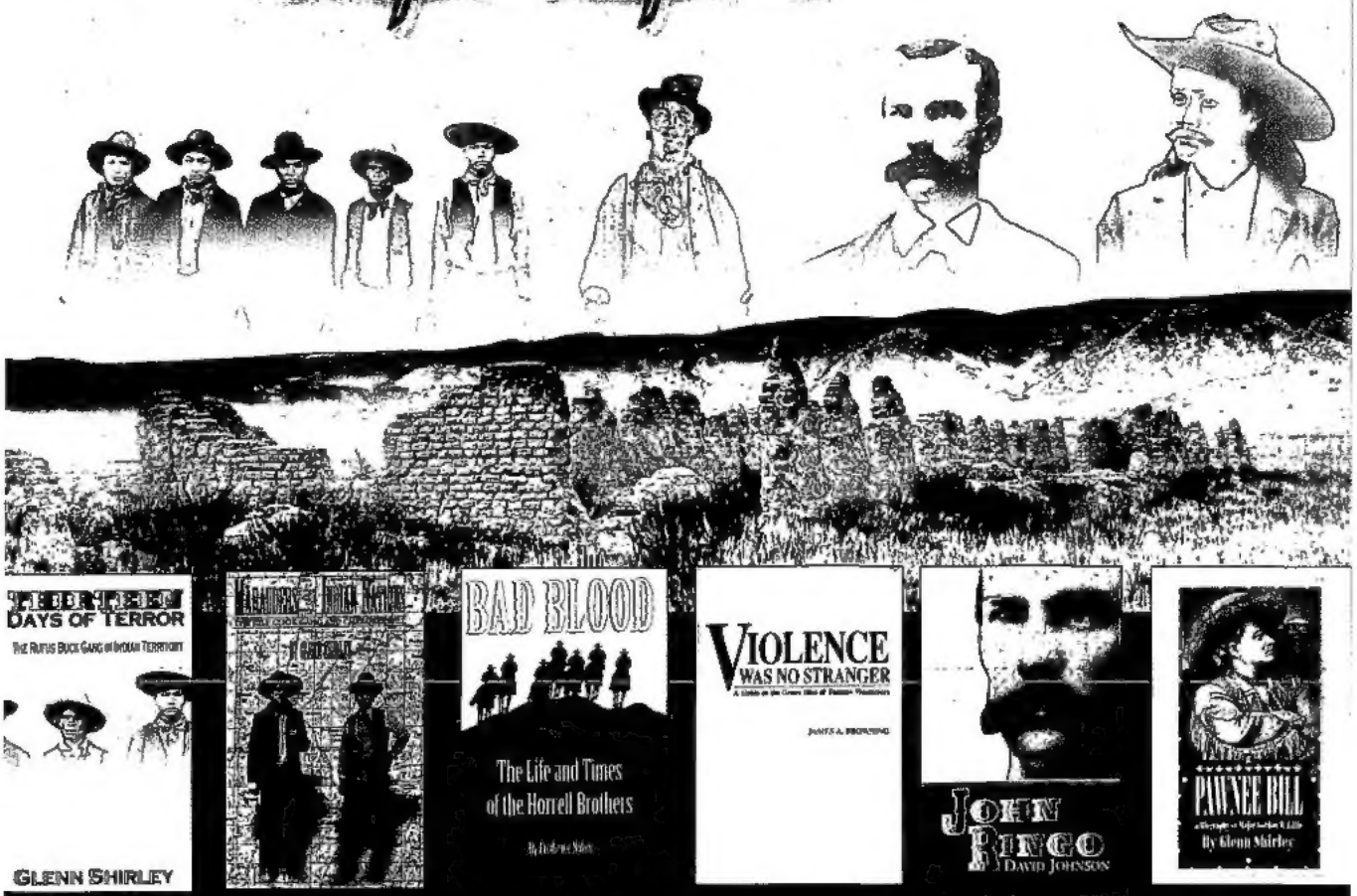

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